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DISCONTENT.

BY J. H.

There is a gift beyond all giving,
Beyond all other need,
To make the life that we are living
The one we want to lead.

When we can stay the dying leaves,
Or find your last year's snow
Perchance, or soothe the mind that grieves
With sage "I told you so!"

When we can say to Time, "Bring back
The days that now are not,"
We may supply our foremost lack,
The thing we have not got.

One thing still discounts all our gains,
One thing no faith nor hope obtains
For all their strife and fret:
Some undiscovered isle contains
The thing we cannot get.

Her Mother's Crime.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "A BROKEN WEDDING RING," "A BLACK VEIL," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"COMING events cast their shadows before them." So the poet Campbell sings, and so much I am willing to believe Marcia," said the Earl of Cradoc, "but no more.

"Superstitions I cannot tolerate."

"If you would but listen to me, Thane!" urged his sister-in-law.

"This is not a question of superstition. Surely I may believe the evidence of my own senses?"

"When you are quite sure that you are using them," replied the Earl.

"But, Thane," remonstrated Lady Marcia Hyde, "you know that I am not like other people—that I see, and hear what they do not hear."

"I know you think so, Marcia; but I am not sure whether it be true."

"Every one knows that a person born as the clock strikes twelve on All Hallows' Eve has the gift of second-sight. Why do you refuse to believe it?"

"Because, my dear Marcia, I have no patience with anything of the kind. Show me any sense or reason in it, and I will change my views.

"Why should you, because you were born at twelve o'clock at night on All Hallows' Eve, see farther, more clearly, or more deeply into the mysteries of nature than I, who was born on the nineteenth of July?

"Is there any sense in the idea?"

"Well, I firmly believe something unusual takes place between the spiritual and the material world on that night," she replied.

"My poor Marcia!" cried the Earl.

"You pity me," she said, "because you think I believe too much. I might as well sigh 'Poor Thane!' and pity you for not believing enough."

"My dear Marcia," he rejoined, "I never think it safe to travel beyond the boundaries of common-sense."

"Then my dear Thane, your travels are not extensive. The realms of imagination are boundless, but you do not enter them."

"They are full of perils," said the Earl. "I should say that imagination does more harm than any other faculty given to man."

"And I should say it is the quality that glorifies life above all others," answered Lady Marcia.

"We must agree to differ," said the Earl.

"We always agree to do that," replied Lady Marcia amicably.

"But, my dear Thane, do be warned. You may believe or not that I have the gift of second-sight; but I assure you that for the last three nights every time I have fallen asleep I have heard the sound of the sea."

"You have heard the rush of the river Wray.

"I can hear it myself when the wind is still," laughed the Earl.

"No," said Lady Marcia; "I know the sound of the river and that of the sea; and it is the sea that has haunted me. I have heard it in its every mood—at times the ripple of little waves and the moaning of the tide as it spreads slowly over the sands but more often the thunder of a fearful storm, the dash of angry waves upon the rocks, and the shriek of the wind as it hurls the seething waters upon the shore.

"You would not laugh if you woke as I do, with great cold drops standing on your brow."

"It is all fancy, Marcia.

"What do you suppose it portends?" asked the Earl.

"Harm to the boys," she replied. "Ah, do not smile, Thane! Let me tell you my dream."

Lord Cradoc resigned himself with an air of patience that was not lost upon his sister-in-law.

"If I had had this dream once, and once only," she remarked, "I should not have thought so much of it; but last night it came back to me three times."

"Tell it to me, and that may break the spell," said the Earl, with a smile.

Lady Marcia who had been seated, rose now, gazing very earnestly at him.

"I will tell you the dream," she said, "exactly as it came to me.

"I fell asleep, haunted by the sound of the waves, the roar of the surf, and I dreamed——

"It was horrible!" she broke off, with a shudder.

"I dreamed that I stood by my bedside, looking at myself lying asleep.

"I looked very fixedly at my own pallid face.

"I cannot express to you how sure I felt that it was only my outward form that was lying on the bed, and that my real self was looking on.

"Then it seemed to me that I floated away over garden and wood, over river and hill and valley, until I came in sight of the sea.

"I could hear the dash of angry waves and see huge mountains of seething water.

"Plainly there was a terrible storm. Then a vivid lightning-flash showed me a large steamer that had struck upon a rock and was on the point of going down. I saw it as plainly as I see you—the despairing faces of the crew, and on the deck Alaric and Bertie!

"They stood together, looking pale but brave.

"They clasped their arms round each other, and went down with the wreck.

"Then my dream changed.

"I was in a churchyard, among fair marble monuments, watching a funeral. I seemed to be conscious that it should have been a double rite—that two were dead, but that only one body could be found. I heard the service, even to the last 'Amen.' Then I found myself in my room again, looking at the pale image on the bed, and I awoke. But, oh, Thane, if I tried for ever, I could not tell you all I suffered!"

"It was a strange disagreeable dream, to say the least of it, Marcia; but you need not be unhappy about it. People often have queer dreams for which no one can account, but they do not necessarily come true."

"Yet mine frequently do," said Lady Marcia.

"And how often I have found myself thinking of some one, and that very person has been at my door!

"That has happened so often that now, when I find my mind concentrated on any particular persons, I feel quite sure they are near."

"I cannot pretend to explain it," returned the Earl.

"I have never given much thought to the laws of attraction, to magnetism, or anything of the kind; but I certainly believe that, when our kindred and friends have departed, they have no further communication with us whilst we are on earth."

"It is a wide question Thane; I wish I shared your opinion," said Lady Marcia.

"I wish you did, my dear Marcia," replied the Earl—these fancies and dreams of his sister-in-law gave him a great deal of trouble at times.

"What do you infer from these weird dreams and fancies of yours?" he continued.

"Harm to the boys," she repeated.

"Can I avert it?" he asked shrewdly.

"I do not see how you can," she replied.

"Then, my dear Marcia, you must see the folly of your own fancies.

"Why should you think a warning has been sent to us about the boys if it can be of no use?"

"I cannot tell," she answered, with a bewildered air.

"Nor can any one else," he said very kindly.

"Try to forget all about it Marcia. The boy's Heaven bless them!—left New York on the eighteenth of July: in these days of quick passages they will not be more than eight days crossing—and the Princess Maud is certainly one of the finest ships on the line.

"I have heard—I cannot answer for the truth of it—that this company has not lost a vessel yet."

"Please Heaven it never may!" said Lady Marcia.

"But I should be better pleased if the dear boys were here.

"I do not blame you, Thane—you did it for the best; but why need you have sent them into the very midst of peril and danger?

"Why could they not have lived in safety at home?"

"My dear Marcia, boys must learn to face peril if they are to be brave men. Young men of their age are the better for adventure and travel; it educates them and expands their ideas.

"What can a man learn under the roof of home, where everybody conspires to take care of him?

"Besides, my dear Marcia," he added, "it is really only a fanciful loving aunt who could see any danger in a run across the Atlantic."

"I hope, Thane, you are right and I am wrong," sighed Lady Marcia, still looking disconsolate.

"I shall remember the date of my dream—the twenty-eighth of July."

"The steamer must be due about noon," said the Earl. "I wonder if the papers are come?"

Lord Cradoc rang the bell.

The post-bag had arrived with its burden of letters, the *Times* and other newspapers, and the Earl opened them hastily one after another.

There was no mention of the Princess Maud, except that she was expected hourly. Lord Cradoc smiled as he read.

"Ah, Marcia, after all, your dream seems to have been groundless!"

She looked up at him with a puzzled expression.

"I hope it may be so, Thane. If they have had ordinary good fortune, they must be very near us.

"Heaven bless the boys, and send them safe home!"

"That is my prayer," said the Earl. "Who knows?

"Perhaps this time next week they will join us in laughing at aunt Marcia's dream."

"I hope indeed it may be so, Thane," she responded, her face clearing, and then, in a lower voice, she repeated, "Heaven bless the boys and send them safe home!"

* * * * * * *

The conversation between Lady Marcia Hyde and Lord Cradoc took place in the pretty morning-room of one of the oldest and most picturesque mansions in England—Poole, the seat of the Cradoc family, for many generations famous in song and story, and originally a feudal castle.

The keep of the castle was still in a good state of preservation; some of the ancient rooms, too, were intact, but others were in ruin.

Gradually the modern building had grown as the old one had become less and less habitable.

The river Wray ran through the park, widening out here and there, and forming deep clear pools, from which it was supposed that place derived its name.

Some of the best trout-fishing in England was at Poole.

The house was surrounded by fine trees—grand old oaks that had braved the storms of centuries.

The ivy-covered postern-gates, the fine arches of the old windows, the old-fashioned grounds with their groves and alleys, their flowers and fountains, were strikingly picturesque.

Poole had been in possession of the Cradoc family from time immemorial. They had undergone many vicissitudes, but had "held their own," in accordance with their motto, until in the time of the seventh Earl, by mutual consent of father and son, the entail cut off; and thus, when the head of the family had no son the daughters succeeded.

During the last three generations the family had lost some of its prestige. Herbert, Lord Cradoc, had been idle and extravagant, a man of pleasure who had forfeited many a good rood of land at the gambling-table.

He had been succeeded by Alfred a confirmed invalid, who held the reins of government so loosely that some years of economy were required to make up for what he had lost.

Then came the present Earl, Thane, a man of vigorous intellect and keen clear mind.

Under his reign the Cradocs looked up again.

When young, he married a wealthy heiress, who died after a brief happy life, leaving two sons—Alaric and Albert, generally called Bertie—two fine, frank, open-hearted lads, who inherited all the characteristics of their race, generosity, courage, and ardor.

"The boys," as the Earl liked to call his sons, had gone from Eton to Oxford, and from there to the Continent. Lord Cradoc wished them to form their own opinion on men and things in general. He found an excellent tutor for them, who accompanied them in all their travels.

With regard to his two gallant lads Lord Cradoc had great hopes. The Cradocs would once more make a name in the pages of history.

Alaric, a clever thoughtful boy, was a tall handsome stripling when he, with his brother, left Poole for a tour through the United States and Canada.

Bertie, with eyes of a deeper blue and hair of a more golden tint, was the brighter of the two; and, if the Earl in his secret heart had a preference, it was for him.

No care for the future shadowed the brilliant spring-tide of their lives.

Alaric would some day be Earl of Cradoc

—would succeed to Poole, with its rich revenues; to Hyde, with its wealth of coal-mines and mineral springs; to Aldbury Hall; to the family heirlooms, a fortune in themselves—old picture, old plate, and superb jewels.

Nor would Bertie be much less fortunate than his brother, for his mother had left to him her own inheritance, the old Manor House of West Lynn, with an ample income.

Bertie Hyde's ambition was to shine in the senate rather than in the field.

Lord Cradoc had had but one brother who had married, while almost a boy, the daughter of an impoverished Earl, and had died soon after his marriage, when the Earl and Countess of Cradoc took his young widow, Lady Marcia Hyde, home to live with them.

On the Countess's death Lady Marcia became mistress of Poole, took charge of the boys, whom she perfectly idolized, and managed her brother-in-law's household with complete success.

She had loved her husband with all the passion and fervor of youth, and her heart was as true to him in death as it had been in life.

The Earl had a deep affection for his sister-in-law.

He respected her simplicity and tenderness of character, but he laughed a little, as was only natural, at her superstitions.

Lady Marcia, as she was fond of repeating was born at midnight on All Hallows' Eve and she firmly believed that in consequence of this she had an insight into the spirit-world.

The Earl had tried his best for many years to laugh her out of her fancies; her nephews, while they dearly loved her, had a boyish contempt for them.

When it happened that Lady Marcia's dreams "came true," then for a day or two the Earl would cease to jest and the boys would cease to laugh.

No one had been so averse from the scheme of sending the boys for a tour in America as aunt Marcia.

She preferred a nation with a history, with traditions; she would have none of the new country.

Let the boys travel as much as they liked over Europe, but they need not cross the great ocean which Lady Marcia so dreaded? The Earl and his sons laughed at her fears; they told her that going to America in these days was no more than a trip to Ireland in olden times.

But Lady Marcia Hyde was not to be comforted.

They had now been away nearly two years, and Lord Cradoc had received letters saying that they would sail from New York on the eighteenth of July, in the Princess Maud.

They both wrote in the highest of spirits, delighted at the thought of seeing home and friends again.

A glorious July morning, when Poole, with its plashing fountains and bright-hued flowers, the ivy-covered ruins and the graceful modern structure glowing in the sunlight, appeared an earthly paradise.

"A home for Alaric to be proud of!" said the Earl to himself, as he walked up and down the terrace that ran along the western front of the house, his heart aglow with happiness.

Those bright-eyed gallant boys of his would soon be back with him now.

How often they would walk up and down this very terrace discussing the future.

They would no well, and the House of Cradoc would again be in the ascendency. He yearned for their coming, which would not be much longer delayed.

They sailed on the eighteenth, and this was the twenty-ninth.

The ship was overdue; they might expect news at any minute.

He never thought of peril, for the weather had been calm and settled for weeks past.

And who would dream of danger on a sunny peaceful morning as this?

He remembered in after-years every detail of that early morning hour—how a lark rose so suddenly as almost to startle him, soaring into the blue sky while pouring forth a flood of silvery song; how the flight of a flock of white pigeons caused him to tremble.

In the distance he heard the cawing of the rooks; then came the sound of a horse's hoofs, and he looked down the avenue. It was the groom returning with the post-bag. He went to meet him.

"There are no letters, my lord," said the groom, touching his hat—"nothing but the papers."

He opened the bag, took out the newspapers, and returned it to the groom.

As it was quite the hour for breakfast, he might just as well remain out in the fresh air.

He opened the *Times*: but at the first glance there did not appear to be much news.

He turned the paper and then, in letters of large type, he read the awful words,—"Loss of the Princess Maud."

He read them, but did not grasp their meaning.

He walked to the garden-chair near the roses, and looked again.

Ah, but it could not be the vessel in which his boys were to sail!

Why should his hands tremble?

Why was this ghastly tremor, this deathly shuddering, this horror of fright? There must be more than one Princess Maud.

He clutched the paper convulsively.

Then he cast his eye over the telegram which ran as follows:—

"A terrible disaster has befallen the royal mail steamer the Princess Maud running between Liverpool and New York. The Princess Maud left N. York ten days since. She had on board two hundred passengers, and her crew consisted of eighty-six officers and men.

"While pursuing her course yesterday, the weather being foggy, the steamer struck upon one of the sharp hidden rocks which abound on the Irish coast.

"She was got off, but sank almost immediately, and the majority of those on board perished.

"The boats had been lowered and filled with the woman and children; but the steamer sank suddenly, drawing, it is feared, the boats under with her. One filled with women escaped, and reached Kingstown.

"Her Majesty's steamship the Royal Alice went immediately to the scene of the disaster; but, beyond portions of the wreck, nothing was to be seen.

"Further details will be given to-morrow. So far as can be gathered at present, these are the names of the passengers."

The followed the list of the missing. Lower down the Earl read another paragraph—

"It is with deep regret that we learn that the two only sons of the Earl of Cradoc were on board the Princess Maud, Alaric, Lord Hyde, and the Honorable Albert Hyde, who were returning home after a two years' tour through the United States and Canada. One of the few surviving passengers speaks of having seen them standing together on deck just before the vessel sank."

He was bewildered, as a strong man often is by an overwhelming calamity.

He shuddered as one suddenly stricken by mortal illness; then he rose, clutching the newspaper in his hands and made his way to the house.

He walked like one suddenly blinded.

"Marcia Marcia, I want you!" he cried out in a feeble voice as he crossed the threshold.

He must tell her, the gentle lady who loved his boys so well, and hear what she said.

She came to him where he stood in the hall, and her face blanched as she looked at him.

"You have had news, Thane!" she said suddenly.

"It could not be worse, Marcia," he replied.

"But I cannot believe it.

"There are so many false reports, false rumors; this may be untrue.

Come with me, Marcia, and read it.

"My eyes must have deceived me; I cannot have read aright."

Lord Cradoc took his sister-in-law by the hand, and led her into his study.

He placed a lounging-chair for her, and then sought a footstool, apparently anxious to delay the evil moment in which she should read the news.

But she looked up at him with quivering lips.

"I know what it is, Thane. There is no need to tell me, no need to read the news. I remember my dream—the boys are drowned!"

For all answer he put the newspaper into her hands, and her eyes fell on the fatal words:

"Loss of the Princess Maud."

She read the paragraph through, and then looked with burning tearless eyes into the Earl's face.

"I knew it," she said.

"In my dream I saw them die, Thane. They went down into the sea clasped in each other's arms."

He remembered suddenly how he had laughed at the dream; it seemed to him now like a confirmation of the horrible news.

He looked at her with haggard eyes.

"Can it be true," he asked, "that both my gallant boys are drowned?"

"I fear so," she replied.

Then her unnatural calm gave away.

She fell upon her knees, weeping and crying out with a loud voice that they were drowned, the dearly-loved noble boys, the young lords of the Castle, the last of their race—wild vehement cries that soon brought the household in terror and alarm to her side; while the Earl sat bewildered.

CHAPTER II.

THREE months had passed since the fatal news of the loss of the Princess Maud had spread sorrow and desolation over the land.

Many a bright and brave young life had been lost with her, many a home rendered desolate, many a heart crushed and broken. For many weeks hope had lived in the hearts of the mourners.

It was thought that one or more of the boats had perhaps been picked up by passing ships; but, as time passed on and no news came, the friends of the doomed passengers gave up the last shadow of hope to which they had clung.

Three months!

The beauty, warmth, and fragrance of July had given place to the chill of October; the leaves were falling from the trees; the grass was sere and brown; the sharpness of coming frost was in the air; the autumn flowers were all in bloom—the tall hollyhocks, the chrysanthemums, and the sunflowers; the ripe fruit had been gathered, the corn was safely garnered—and the shadow of death still lay over Poole.

Lady Marcia Hyde had never recovered from the blow.

She was still an invalid, not complaining or discontented, but hopeless and spiritless.

Lord Cradoc had endeavoured to control his grief.

What the blow had been to him no one ever knew.

He had borne the first terrible pangs of his almost intolerable anguish alone.

He would see no one, not even his sister-in-law.

When he mixed with the world again, he was a changed man; he was older, grayer, with the weary look on his face and a hopeless expression in his eyes.

Lady Marcia Hyde did her utmost, but it was impossible to rouse him from his apathy and despair.

The gallant handsome lads whom he had loved with his whole heart were dead. If in the old churchyard at Abbey Dale there had been two graves, whither he could have gone at times and wept away some of his pain, it would have been much easier to bear; but they lay deep beneath the waves of the great Atlantic.

He wondered often if his boys clasped each other still in death, or if the waves had divided them—wondered until his heart was broken with grief.

One day in spite of repeated denials, Mr. Rigby, the family solicitor, declared that he must have an interview with the Earl, and that he would not leave Poole until he had.

"I must see the Earl," he said, when Grey the butler assured him that it was impossible.

"I will not leave Poole in this uncertainty. You ought to understand Grey, that it is no trifling matter. I hear that his lordship is very ill. You must persuade him to see me."

"I will do my best," replied the butler. "It is not my fault, sir. His lordship has not seen anybody since the accident happened.

"But, Grey, my business is imperative. The Earl will be the first to blame you if you refuse to let me see him, and you must take the consequences on yourself. I wash my hands of them."

So it came about at last the family solicitor stood in the presence of the Earl, whose gray head was bent and whose white lips were quivering.

"What am I to do, Rigby?" asked the Earl, after a time.

"I am as one blind; the way is all dark before me, dark and drear. I am an old man, and Heaven has taken from me the very light of my eyes.

"What am I to do?

"You know what I planned for my boys; and now I am quite alone.

"Of what use are wealth, houses, lands to me?

"Why was not I taken and they left?"

"That is the very subject on which I came to speak to you, my lord," said Mr. Rigby. "I cannot comfort you—for such a loss as yours human comfort is unavailing; but I come to offer you my services with redoubled zeal.

"Have you looked the fact in the face, my lord, that you are one of the richest men in England, that you have some of the finest estates in the land, and that at present you have neither heir nor heiress?"

"I know it," answered the Earl gloomily. "I was proud of my wealth a few months since; now it is a burden to me."

"But my lord—excuse me—you must not give way.

"A grand old race like yours must never give out."

"It is dead," said the Earl.

"Pardon me, my lord—the law of entail fortunately does not prevail in your family or at your demise one of the oldest titles in England would be extinct."

"I have not one male relative left in the world," said the Earl sadly—"not even one."

"No; that is true.

"I am sure, my lord, you know my devotion to you, the devotion of long and faithful service."

"Yes, I have tested it," replied Lord Cradoc.

"Since this terrible event," continued the family solicitor, "I have thought of nothing else.

"I have been to Aldbury Hall, and I have with great care examined the papers—the family annals—in the strong room there.

"At first, and for some time, I thought your lordship had no relatives, for your only brother died young, leaving no children.

"But I found eventually that there are two distant relatives of your lordship alive—two young girls."

"Young girls!" cried the Earl, aghast. "How can they help me?"

"You must determine that, my lord. Let me give you a brief *resume* of the facts. Your father had two cousins, the daughters of a younger branch of the family. They were very unfortunate—lost their money in some mining speculation—and, too proud to appeal to their rich and titled relatives they finally married beneath their rank.

"One wedded Claude Lorraine Erlecote, an artist, and died, leaving one child; the other cousin married Sir Alton Ryeford, a wealthy City merchant, who died four years after his marriage, leaving a widow and one only daughter. Your heiress, my lord, should be one of these two girls."

"Girls!" repeated the Earl, in a tone half contemptuous. "What can I do with girls?"

"That remains to be seen my lord. We must make the best of the inevitable. You clearly understand, my lord, that each of these second cousins—as they were in reality—of the late Earl, your father, married, and that each had a daughter? Annabel Hyde, who became Lady Ryeford, is living."

"Then she is actually nearer to kin to me than her daughter," said the Earl.

"True; but you could not make her your heiress.

"She is over fifty; her daughter however is a young girl.

"It seems to me that after all your best, indeed your only plan will be to choose between these two girls, Daphne Erlecote and Irene Ryeford."

"But what do I know of the girls, their ways and fancies?" said the Earl piteously.

"You must study them, my lord," replied the lawyer.

"These two girls have an equal claim on you.

"My advice to you would be to seek both these young ladies, and try to discover which would be the more eligible Countess of Cradoc.

"I should advise you to visit both families and then let Lady Marcia Hyde invite the young ladies here on a long visit."

"I should be sure to make a mistake," declared the Earl; and the stern old lawyer almost smiled at the piteous tone. "Who could have foreseen such a state of affairs as this, Rigby?"

Lord Cradoc paced with impatient steps up and down the room.

"How many times has the succession fallen to a woman he asked suddenly; and the lawyer, who was well versed in the annals of the Cradocs, replied—

"Three times only. Three times there has been a Countess of Cradoc, Countess in her own right, and the husband of each lady took her name."

"And now there must be a Countess of Cradoc again. I do not like it, Rigby; it seems to me to weaken the influence of the house."

"Not if the ladies choose sensible husbands," replied Mr. Rigby. "The truest philosophy, my lord, is to submit to the inevitable."

"Lady Marcia Hyde has excellent judgment," said the Earl, with a sigh; "let us call her into council."

The lawyer sat in silence while the lady was summoned.

It was not quite in accordance with his ideas that a woman should be called into council; but he submitted, since the Earl seemed to have no opinion of his own.

Lady Marcia Hyde listened in tearful silence to the Earl's statements. Then she said abruptly—

"You must marry again, Thane."

"Heaven bless me!" cried the Earl, startled out of all propriety.

"Of what use would that be? I am an old man, Marcia, and I have not long to live. This blow has nearly killed me."

As she looked at the trembling hands and the white face, the drooping figure that was once so erect, Lady Marcia felt that perhaps, after all, he was right. Then she proceeded to make full inquiries about the two girls, Daphne Erlecote and Irene Ryeford.

"It is really a fact, that of the once numerous Cradoc family these two girls are the sole living representatives?" she said to Mr. Rigby.

"They are indeed," he replied. "Death has been busy for many generations with the Cradocs."

"But," cried Lady Marcia Hyde, "suppose we make a wrong choice?"

"That is the very point upon which I need your advice and assistance," said the Earl quietly.

"My dear Marcia, I am no judge of feminine character.

"Boys, now—everything about boys—I quite understand; but girls—— I am not ashamed to own that I think any designing artful girl could deceive me; therefore I must have your help.

"With the exception of the one little drawback of your superstition, I know no one whose judgment is more solid than yours."

"Superstition!" cried Lady Marcia Hyde. "Mr. Rigby, you are a man of methodical habit of mind; I appeal to you if this be superstition;" and Lady Marcia related once more the story of her dream. "What do you think of it?" she asked.

"It is very strange," he acknowledged.

"Do you consider belief in such a dream as that superstition," she asked, "seeing that the dream came true?"

"I do not know what to call it," replied the lawyer, "for I have given such matters little thought.

"Yet I am not narrow-minded enough to believe that there are no faces in nature save such as I understand."

"A very sensible reply, Mr. Rigby," said the Earl.

"That dream will now become part of our family traditions."

It occurred to Mr. Rigby that they were making no progress with the matter in hand, he had not come to discuss spiritualism.

"I think," he remarked gently, "that we have wandered from the point."

"It is my fault," said the Earl. "I was speaking of your judgment, my dear Marcia, and I repeat that the onus of this decision must rest upon you.

"I begin to feel some little curiosity about the matter myself.

"Of course, Mr. Rigby, you know nothing of these young ladies except their names?"

"I wish I did," replied the lawyer; "I might then be able to guide you. I merely know that Claude Lorraine Erlecote spends his whole time in painting; but of his daughter I can tell you nothing. Lady Ryeford is a woman of fashion, struggling to keep up appearances on very insufficient means, and her daughter, I have heard, is very beautiful."

"It is a beautiful name—Irene Ryeford," said Lady Marcia.

"I like the name of Daphne Erlecote better," remarked the Earl slowly.

The lawyer smiled.

What if their opinions of the girls themselves differed?

The choice would not perhaps, after all, be as easy as he had expected.

"There is simply one thing we must guard against," said Lady Marcia earnestly. "We must not choose either for her beauty. Unfortunately beauty of mind and beauty of body do not always come together."

"And now to business," said Mr. Rigby briskly. "May I make a suggestion, my lord?"

"Make any you like, Rigby, but do help me out of this dilemma," answered the Earl.

"I would suggest, then, that nothing be said as to your intentions. Let them be a profound secret between you, Lady Marcia and myself."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Did She Deserve It?

BY JULIA GODDARD.

THE month was May, and through my half-open window came stealing a soft wind, filled with summer warmth and summer fragrance.

The trees in the garden were full of blossoms.

The early roses were in bloom, but of all this I saw nothing.

My gaze was fixed upon two figures slowly walking down the garden path—a man and a woman.

The man was tall, and strong, and masterful, yet tender as a mother with her firstborn, gentle as a girl in all the little acts and courtesies of life.

The woman was young and very beautiful, with a figure slender and swaying like a reed as she walked, and dark, lustrous eyes, which brought to many a man his heart's undoing.

I fancied the light in them now, as she lifted them to Hart Sidney's face.

He was her guardian, and he loved her.

She was but my half-sister, five years my senior, and so I was not entitled to her confidence.

She had never told me of her love for Mr. Sidney.

Indeed, only a little month ago I had returned from school, with my education completed, in the fashionable sense of the term, and since then I had been very ill.

Overwork, the doctor said, but I knew better.

To my own soul I could whisper the humiliating truth, could pour out the cruel confession, with a sort of savage pleasure at the self-inflicted torture.

It was my heart, not the body, that suffered, the heart that had for ever passed into Hart Sidney's unconscious keeping.

If I had never suspected it before, I should have known it by the new light in her eyes, the new radiance of her beauty, as it burst upon me on the day of my return.

And what could be more natural than that things should be as they were?

Did not guardians always love their wards, and wards their guardians?

I had never read a book which treated of such a relationship in which such was not the sequel of the tale.

And yet—and yet, did it make it easier for me to bear?

I turned my gaze away from that other picture, and lifted myself up from the depths of the great chair in which I lay, until I could catch a glimpse of my own face in the mirror opposite.

What a contrast!

My eyes, the only beauty I possessed, looked many times too large for the thin, dark face and my hair, which had been the rival beauty to my eyes, was close cropped to my head.

They had cut it off as I lay delirious with fever, and crying that its weight hurt me.

I sank back with a groan.

At that instant my sister, returning, entered the room.

"Aline!" she cried, "Aline, child, I am so happy!"

And rapidly crossing the floor she sank down on her knees beside my chair.

The contrast was too great.

Never had I seen her half so beautiful.

"Don't tell me, don't!" I hastily exclaimed, and lifted up my hand as if to ward off a blow. "I know," I continued, "I congratulate you; but don't say any more."

"You know, dear?" she answered, a look of surprise sweeping over her face. "How is that possible?"

"Don't ask me. Only, I know, I——"

But I could say no more.

My weakness conquered my strength, and I burst into bitter weeping.

"Poor child! Dear little Aline," she whispered tenderly. "Do you love me so well that you hate to lose me? But you will not really lose me, dear. When I am married——"

"Hush!" I interrupted. "I won't hear any more."

And sobbing bitterly, I buried my face in my hands.

Of course no heroine would have done such a thing, but I was no heroine.

I was only a foolish girl who had lived but eighteen years, and who could only look forward to a long, long life of lonely misery—for I loved Hart Sidney.

He had not meant to make me love him—I knew that, but when I had come home for my Christmas holidays, Alice had been away on a visit, and so I had seen him every day.

We had ridden, and driven, and walked together, and, as I have said, his manner held that unconscious and inherent tenderness towards things weaker than himself which had charmed my heart into recklessly pouring forth its unheeded treasures at his feet.

My excitement in repressing all this, and seeing the seal set upon my misery, brought its own punishment.

For a week my life was again despaired of.

Then, because I did not wish the blessing, strength came slowly back.

At last, when I grew better, the physicians said I must have a change, and so they sent me to the seaside, to visit an aunt who had a cottage by the sea.

I was glad to go.

Had I stayed at home I should have gone mad.

Alice and Mr. Sidney went with me to the train.

I had bade her good-bye, and the train was just about to start, when he put his head in through the window.

"You will let me come and see you?" he said.

And I only had time to answer—

"No, no—you must not come!"

Only time for this, and to note the swift look, so like pain, which swept over his face, ere we moved away, and my last glimpse was of them both standing side by side, as they would henceforth stand through life.

Notwithstanding my injunction to the contrary, he came.

I had been in my new home a fortnight, and some of the color was stealing back into my cheeks, when one afternoon, as I sat alone upon the piazza, dreaming as I dreamed all my idle hours away, a step sounded on the walk, and looking up I saw the face which a moment before had floated in my fancy.

For an instant I was happy—supremely happy—and, springing up, I held out both hands with a rapturous cry of welcome, then I sank back, cold and stern again.

But that cry had brought him close beside me, and my hands were so tightly held in his strong clasp, while his great brown eyes looked into the very depths of mine, that I trembled and was still.

Merciful Heaven! what was it that I read there?

Could it be that he loved me, and that he had wooed and won Alice for her gold?

I should have said before that my sister was an heiress.

I had no dower—not even that of beauty: but Hart Sidney, I would have sworn, was not a man to be bought or sold, to buy or sell.

I don't know just what came to me in that hour, that moment, but though I realized, or thought I realized, his baseness, yet I could not snatch from my lips the cup whose sweetness slaked their thirst.

We spoke no word of love, but every day found him by my side.

I was no longer listless; I was brilliant, even merry.

I laughed and sang as one might laugh and sing at the feast of death.

These few days were all that were given to me to satisfy the hunger of a long, dreary, empty life.

Once he was about to speak to me of Alice. But I stopped him.

I would not be reminded of the wrong I was doing her, for day by day and hour by hour told me that, though she would share his life and have his name, she would never share his heart.

That was mine!

Another fortnight passed, and still he lingered.

But his return was fixed for the morrow.

On that last evening we wandered down upon the beach, silvered by the moonlight.

Standing in its rays, he turned and faced me, clasping his hand over mine as it lay upon his arm.

"Aline," he said, "I love you, child. You are but a child and I a man who has outstripped you in the race of life by twenty years. But will you give yourself to me, dear? Has it been my own blind fancy which has given birth to the sweet hope that I alone might make your happiness?"

He paused then, waiting for my answer.

Only a minute passed, but I had wakened from my dream.

I had not thought his baseness ever could find words—had not thought my sister would know his perjury.

Her goodness to me, her loving kindness to the child who had been her pet and plaything always, and who thus requited it.

Only a minute; but I had torn out my heart and trampled it beneath my feet.

I turned upon the man with hot, fierce passion.

I forgot that I had led him on.

I forgot my own baseness, my own love, as I hurled my scorn at his defencelessness.

What burning, scathing words I used I know not, but when I had finished he offered me again his arm, from which I had withdrawn my clasp, and he walked back in silence to the house.

Yet as he left me, still without a word, I felt, strange to say, only my own guilt.

He had not borne himself like one convicted of a wrong.

The next week I went home.

Alice was the first to meet me, and that night she crept into my room and knelt down beside me as she had done once before.

"Darling," she whispered "next month I am to be married, and you are to be my only bridesmaid."

"I cannot!" I answered. "Don't ask me, Alice. It would kill me!"

"Do you really love me so well, dear? But you will not refuse me this? It would mar all my happiness, Aline, and I am so happy. When you have seen Harry—when you learn to know and love him for himself—you will better understand."

"Harry!" I gasped. "Who is he?"

"Harry—Harry Stretton; the man I am to marry. Why, Aline, you told me you knew it all. Is it possibe you did not know?"

And then she told me of the engagement which had been entered into during her Christmas visit—an engagement finally ratified and approved by her guardian whilst I was so ill.

It had been this she had been about to tell me—this I had refused to hear.

Oh, the burning shame with which I listened at last!

And then a wild impulse seized me to tell her all the truth.

She should not believe me better than I was.

She should know how mean, how pitiable I had been, even though I bought her hate and contempt, as doubtless I had bought Hart Sidney's.

I did not spare myself as I told the story.

In silence she heard it through, and then she sealed my lips with the kiss of love and pardon.

All night I battled with my misery and remorse.

Alice expected her lover the next day.

I felt I dared not meet him.

In the afternoon she came into my room.

"Some one wishes to see you in the library, dear," she said. "Will you go down?"

She spoke so quietly that I suspected nothing, and asking no questions, went downstairs, and crossed the hall to the room designated.

I thought it empty for a moment as I closed the door behind me, but at the sound some one stepped from the window recess—some one who advanced one step and then stood with wide open arms, waiting to close about me.

No need for me to tell the story, as I hid my face upon his breast, and felt his kisses rain upon my hair.

Alice, my noble, darling sister, had told it all.

No need for me to ask forgiveness.

Already it was mine.

Did I deserve my happiness?

Perhaps not, but it was mine—mine at last, as was the great, noble heart of my sister's guardian.

Alice had her wish—I was her only bridesmaid; but after the ceremony was ended which made her Harry Stretton's beloved wife, I took her place beside the altar, no longer bridesmaid, but bride.

Henceforth my sister's guardian was mine.

THE WOMEN IN THE FIELDS.—The gangs of rustic women working on the fields like so many Ruths or Amazons, though to be found in the country between Northumberland and Ayr, are peculiarly characteristic of the Lothians, and they add a quaint color to the landscape, with their large shades or "uglies" projecting from their circular straw hats, which have been covered by their own hands with pieces of print, usually of a delicate color, such as pale yellow, pale pink, or pale blue. The name "ugly" was no doubt given by a townsman in contempt, but the headdress, which the fashionable coal-scuttle hat resembles, is very picturesque with lovely brown faces, and throws out the deep, heavy eyes which open-air life gives to all. Their short kilted petticoats are gray and weather-stained, and the shawls about their strong shoulders are the strongest colored article they wear. It may be that no woman enjoys the open-air work, but for the stirring, high-tilled farms there women workers are necessary; and sometimes they feed the cattle and clean the large-stalled stables. The majority are in their teens or beyond thirty. All country women cannot be domestic servants or seamstresses, but an old hind herding with a gun will tell you that for a woman to work a field is her last resource, and that a lass with any spirit would not do it. A field of men and women, children of the plough, huge folk "bloused with health and wind and rain and labor," working together on the red fen land, tells you how strong is the hold the farms and farm-work here have on the family life, and the high cultivation shows the necessity for woman-labor on this high-rented land. It is a most ancient sight, a fine grouped scene, which for easy rustic movements, sweet open-air beauty and freshness, and the tender tints of strong field cloths, can hardly be surpassed. Women have wrought on the fields since the flood; women will work till the end of the chapter as long as seed has to be sown, turnips have to be thinned and hoed, hay made, grain reaped, potatoes lifted, the land cleaned, and "wrack" gathered, and there are not men and boys enough in the parish for the work. It is at the same time a striking fact that the hinds' daughters are gradually allowing the Highland or Irish women to do all the field labor.

PAPER IN CHINA.—So great is the respect for written or printed characters in China that paper manufacturers and shop people are not allowed to use old newspapers or manuscript in their business. Two temples are designed where all such waste paper shall be burned. The Police Censor recommends that the house and furniture of certain escaped convicts be sold and the money set apart for buying up all scraps of printed paper or manuscript.

LOOK not mournfully into the past, it cannot come back again; wisely improve the present, it is thine; go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear and with a manly heart.

Bric-a-Brac.

GOING TO SLEEP.—A Boston paper is responsible for the following: If you cannot get to sleep at night repeat this stanza very slowly seven times and then see where you are:

A E I O U
If I owe U and E and I,
And sometimes W and Y,
It must be love that I O U,
And love that you O I,
So Cupid comes—receipt the bills,
While Somnus dots the eyes.

THE CATERPILLAR CROPS.—It appears that, in Southeastern Africa, a large caterpillar is harvested by the natives, like a field crop. Wherever it appears in large numbers the negros march out in full force from their villages, camping out for weeks in the wilderness, to gather and cure the crop. After the intestines are squeezed out, the caterpillars are dried before the fire and rolled up in packages of fresh leaves. To a civilized taste they are most disgusting, the smell reminding one of that of our cabbage-worm.

AN EARLY RISER.—Dom Pedro, of Brazil, the senior sovereign of the world, by the way, in tenure of office, having now reigned fifty-two years, is going to England again, and keepers of public institutions, museums, libraries, etc., are praying that a change may have been brought in his habits since his last visit. He used to make appointments to visit such places at, say 5 or six o'clock. The custodians supposed, of course, that he meant that hour in the afternoon, but when the time came they found to their dismay that he meant in the morning; and he was always punctual, to the minute.

FINDING HER HUSBAND.—A young man of Cape Ann, Mass., who occasionally drinks more liquor than is good for him, but is otherwise respectable, failed to return home one day not long ago at his accustomed hour, went to look for him. On the railroad track, not far from her house, she saw a man lying across the rails, but the danger of his position did not immediately occur to her, and she was about to pass by at a distance, when she heard the whistle of an approaching train. Then, instantly realizing that he must inevitably be run over unless she saved him, for the train was coming around a curve and no one else was in sight, she ran to where he lay, and succeeded in rolling him into the ditch almost from under the wheels of the locomotive. It was not until the danger was past that she discovered she had saved her own husband.

VINEGAR AND THE PLAGUE.—There is a French legend that during the plague at Marseilles a band of robbers plundered the dying and the dead, without injury to themselves. They were imprisoned, tried, and condemned to die, but were pardoned on condition of disclosing the secret whereby they could ransack houses infected with the terrible scourge. They gave the following recipe, which makes a delicious and refreshing wash for the sick-room:—Take rosemary, wormwood, lavender, rue, sage, and mint, a large handful of each. Place in a stone jar, and turn over it one gallon of strong cider vinegar; cover closely, and keep near the fire for four days; then strain, and add one ounce of powdered camphor gum. Bottle and keep tightly corked. It is very aromatic, cooling and refreshing in the sick-room, and is of great value to nurses.

GLOVES.—Some curious customs are connected with gloves. For instance, the ceremony of removing them when entering the stable of a prince or a great man, or else forfeiting them or their value to the servant in charge. This is an odd survival of vassalage, for the removal of the glove was anciently a mark of submission. When lands or titles were bestowed, gloves were given at the same time; and, when for any reason the lands were forfeited, the offender was deprived of the right to wear gloves. The same idea was prevalent in the bestowal of a lady's glove, to be worn in the helmet of her knight, and forfeited by him if her favor ceased. In hunting the gloves are supposed to be removed to-day at the death of a stag. It was a very ancient form of acknowledgment to present a pair of gloves to a benefactor; and white gloves are still presented to the judges at maiden assizes.

EYE MEMORY.—Look steadily at a bright object, keep the eyes immovable on it for a short time, and then close them. An image of the object remains; it comes, in fact, visible to the closed eyes. The vividness and duration of impression vary considerably with different individuals, and the power of retaining them may be cultivated. An eccentric old man, the once celebrated but not forgotten "Memory Thompson" trained himself to the performance of wonderful feats of eye memory. He could close his eyes and picture within himself a panorama of Oxford street and other parts of London, in which picture every inscription over every shop was so perfect and reliable that he could describe and certify to the names and occupations of the shopkeeping inhabitants of all the houses of these streets at certain dates, when post-office directories were not as they now are. Although Memory Thompson is forgotten, his special faculty is just now receiving some attention, and it is proposed to specially cultivate it in elementary schools by placing objects before the pupils for a given time, then taking them away and requiring the pupil to draw them. That such a faculty exists and may be of great service is unquestionable.

THE DIFFERENCE.

BY C. J.

Two babies were born in the self-same town,
On the very same bright day;
They laughed and cried in their mothers' arms,
In the very self-same way;
And both were as pure and as innocent
As fallen flakes of snow,
But one of them lived in the terraced house,
And one in the street below.

Two children played in the self-same town,
And both were bright and fair;
But one had her curls brushed smooth and round,
The other had tangled hair.
Both of the children grew space,
As all our children grow;
But one of them lived in the terraced house,
And one in the street below.

Two maidens wrought in the self-same town,
And one was wedded and loved;
The other saw through the curtains apart
The world where her sister moved.
And one was a smiling, happy bride,
The other knew care and woe;
For one of them lived in the terraced house,
And one in the street below.

Two women lay dead in the self-same town,
And one had tender care;
The other was left to die alone
On her pallet so thin and bare.
And one had many to mourn her loss—
For the other few tears would flow;
For one of them lived in a terraced house,
And one in the street below.

If Jesus, who died for rich and poor,
In wonderful, holy love,
Took both of the sisters in his arms
And carried them up above—
Then all the difference vanished at last,
For in Heaven none would know
Which of them lived in the terraced house,
And which in the street below.

IN AFTER YEARS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF HER PROMISE;" "A GIRL'S MISTAKE;" "NOT FAIR FOR ME," ETC.

CHAPTER V.—[CONTINUED]

THE weeks and months which followed Desmond's farewell were terribly wearisome and full of trouble to Patricia. She missed and sadly grieved over the freedom and excitement of the life at the Diamond Fields, and the restraint and monotony of her aunt's household galled and irritated her inexpressibly.

Mrs. Raynor was a good woman, and kind enough in her way; but she was terribly shocked by Patricia's independent manners and her utter ignorance of and contempt for all conventionalities.

Even the girl's grief for her brother, which seemed to increase rather than soften with the passing months, seemed to Mrs. Raynor excessive and rebellious.

She used to lecture Patricia and talk mild platitudes about the duty of submission and resignation during the long, long afternoons when she sat at work in the little parlor, with the sun pouring in through the windows, till the girl grew almost desperate and despairing.

She would sit, with her head bent and her slow fingers clumsily stitching at her work, brooding over the memory of the past, thinking of Jesse—of Desmond, who was so far away in his English home.

The thought of Desmond never failed to bring a certain consolation to her aching heart.

It was odd how tenaciously she held to his jesting promise—how firmly she believed that some day in the far, far future he would come back and take her away from her uncongenial surroundings.

Hour after hour she would sit and think of him and dream of the future, with her work lying unheeded on her knee and a dreamy look of happiness in her eyes.

Mrs. Raynor, who had very little patience with sentimental musings, would get intensely irritated sometimes.

"Really, Patricia, I have no patience with you," she said angrily one afternoon, as she watched the girl's absorbed face and listened to her absent replies.

"You grow more dreamy and moody every day. Twice this afternoon I have spoken to you, and never an answer did I get!"

"I beg your pardon, aunt Jane;" and Patricia, rudely awakened from her dreams, looked up apologetically.

"I did not hear. What did you say?"

"Hear! You don't hear half I say, I believe."

"I asked if you had mended baby's frock. She tore it last night, and I asked you to mend it and let a tuck out."

"I forgot. I will do it now."

Patricia obediently rose from her seat, took out the garment, and looked helplessly at the rent.

"Shall I sew it up?"

"Sew it up! Really, Patricia, you are as ignorant as a baby!"—and Mrs. Raynor snatched the frock out of Patricia's hands. "You must put a piece in—so. Now do you understand?"

"Yes."

Patricia meekly returned to her seat and commenced her work, while Mrs. Raynor looked on with a dissatisfied face.

It would have been much less trouble to have mended the rent herself; but she was a conscientious woman, and thought it was her duty to instruct Patricia in the womanly art of needlework, in which she—Patricia—was so lamentably deficient.

"You are such a big girl, or else I would have sent you to school, Patricia," she went on, after a short pause.

"I don't know whether, after all, it would not be the best thing for you. You might learn to be more like other girls then."

Patricia looked up quickly: then her eyes brightened. School! That was quite a new idea, and, though somewhat derogatory to her dignity, not altogether distasteful.

Nothing could be worse—more monotonous—than her present life, and at school she would mix with other girls; she would have opportunities of improving herself, of studying French, and the other accomplishments which Desmond had declared necessary parts of a young lady's education.

"I think I should like to go to school, aunt Jane," she said, looking up quickly at Mrs. Raynor. "There are so many things I want to learn—music—French."

"And needlework too, let us hope;" and Mrs. Raynor glanced sarcastically at the work on Patricia's knee.

"Well, I will think about it, Patricia. I will speak to your uncle, and see what he says. Now go on with your work, and for goodness sake, child, try to hold yourself better! Your figure is something dreadful!"

Patricia awaited with great anxiety the result of the consultation which took place between husband and wife that evening.

Mr. Raynor was at first disposed to laugh and pooh-pooh the idea of sending a great girl like Patricia to school; but his wife's remonstrances and the pathetic picture of Patricia's shortcomings which she drew so graphically prevailed, and he gave at last a reluctant consent.

"What does the girl say herself? Do you really want to go, Patricia?" he asked, as Patricia stood, with tightly clasped hands and her big eyes resting on his face, anxiously awaiting his decision.

"Are you sure you will be happy there? Remember, it will be a very different life from that to which you have been accustomed."

"I know," Patricia answered gravely.

"You have had all your own way so far, you know," Mr. Raynor went on doubtfully. "You will have to give up your own will—to learn to obey there."

"I can learn that as well as other things." Patricia looked back at him steadily.

"Very well. Don't blame me if you are unhappy, that is all," Mr. Raynor said; and Patricia's heart gave a delighted bound as she thanked him.

"Will it cost very much, uncle?" she asked timidly.

"Oh, you need not trouble about that! Your diamonds sold remarkably well," Mr. Raynor replied.

"I am only afraid you will not be happy at school. Come, Patricia"—he put his arm caressingly round the girl's waist and drew her nearer to him; Mrs. Raynor had been called away and the uncle and niece were alone—"you have no one to look after you but me, and I want to do what is best for you. Do you really wish to go to school? Does your aunt bother you?"

"No, indeed;" and Patricia colored vividly. "She is very kind generally, though she does scold now and then. And I dare say I deserve it," poor Patricia went on, with a patient deprecating smile.

"I know I am very trying sometimes. I am slow at needlework and all that sort of thing, though indeed I try to do my best."

"I am sure you do"—Mr. Raynor gave her a friendly pat on the head. "Then why do you want to go to school?"

"Because"—and Patricia looked up a little shyly—"when we were at the fields, Desmond Selwyn used often to talk to me about his sisters; and they seemed so different from me—so clever and accomplished—that I could not help feeling ashamed of myself, and wishing to be like them; and I thought perhaps if I went to school," Patricia went on, with a wistful smile, "that I might learn to be like other girls."

"Very well then. You shall go if you really wish it; but I must confess I think it is a doubtful experiment," Mr. Raynor answered.

"Oh, I shall be happy enough, never fear!" Patricia rejoined.

She looked brighter and more hopeful than she had looked since Jesse's death as she kissed her uncle gratefully.

"Thank you, oh, a thousand times!" she said.

"Yes, I will go to school," she said to herself that night, as she lay awake, too restless and excited to sleep; "and I will study and work hard—oh, harder than any girl ever worked before!" She gave a little soft laugh of excitement and delight. "How pleased Desmond will be when he knows!" she said softly.

And so the old happy life of freedom passed away, and the new life of discipline and restraint which was to fit her for the future began.

CHAPTER VI.

GEORGE, get off that chair! Edie and May, if you persist in making so much noise, I shall ring the bell for nurse. Desmond, it is perfectly inconceivable to me how you can spoil those children in that most reprehensible fashion!"

Mrs. Villiers looked up from her book with a half-laughing, half-angry face. Desmond was leaning back in a big arm-chair, with a little girl on each knee and an older boy climbing over the back of his chair. He laughed good-naturedly as he pulled Edie's fair curls.

"Do you hear what your mother says, Edie? Now, be good, or I won't take you to the Zoo on Saturday."

"Yes you will; You promised—and a gentleman always keeps his promise," Edie answered composedly

"You told George so yesterday."

"What a pretty ring, uncle Desmond—see how it sparkles! Where did you buy it?"

"I didn't buy it Miss Inquisitive. I had it given to me."

"Did 'oor sweetheart dib it to 'oo, uncle Desmond?"—and little May, the youngest and best-loved child, rubbed her soft cheek against the brown hand on which the ring was sparkling.

"Nurse's sweetheart did dib her such a pretty ring!"

"Lucky nurse! No I haven't a sweetheart, my queen."

"And that ring, or rather the stone in it, was given to me by a little girl not much older than Edie there."

"She found the diamond herself and gave it to me."

"Found it? Where?"

"Oh, a long way off; in Africa, where the black people live, you know!"

"Was she black herself?"—and Edie looked supremely disgusted.

"Oh, no!"

"Her skin was as white as yours; but she had very dark eyes and hair."

"I dare say she is a beautiful young lady by this time," said Desmond meditatively.

"Did 'oo love her vewy much? Was she your little sweetheart, uncle Desmond?" whispered May sympathetically.

Desmond laughed oddly.

"Yes, she was my little sweetheart, pet; but I think she was my governess as well, May, for she taught me many a lesson."

"Lesson? Latin and French?"

"No; things far more useful, pet."

"Lessons of self-denial and patience, of love and faith—things you can't understand yet awhile," said Desmond, with a grave smile.

"There, run away;" and he lifted the child gently from his knee and kissed her. "Mother wants to talk to me."

The ten years which had elapsed since Desmond's visit to the Diamond Fields had passed very lightly over his head.

They had brought many changes, for both his father and mother were dead, and he had succeeded to the title and estates.

His younger sisters, too, were both grown up and married; but Desmond himself was very little altered. He had grown stouter and more manly looking, and there were plenty of white hairs in the closely cropped fair head which little Patricia used to admire so much; but the blue eyes were as bright and kind, looked out as steadily as ever from under their brows.

Desmond was eight-and-thirty now, though he scarcely looked his age.

He drew his chair nearer the fire as the children reluctantly left the room.

The February day was very cold and foggy, and a keen east wind which was howling outside made the warmth of the cheerful fire very acceptable.

"Desmond, I want to speak to you seriously."

Mrs. Villiers, a pretty woman with Desmond's eyes and hair, leaned back in her chair, and looked across the hearthrug gravely at her brother.

Desmond laughed.

"Well, little woman, fire away. I am all attention."

"It is not a laughing matter. I am quite in earnest."

"So am I. Wait a minute, though. I am in for a lecture, I perceive; and, as I like to take my medicine in the most palatable form, with your permission, I'll light my pipe."

He rose from his chair as he spoke, and, standing on the hearthrug, filled his pipe and struck a match.

There was such a comical twinkle in the blue eyes which looked down at his sister, such an unmistakable "I know what is coming, and so it is of no use" expression, that Mrs. Villiers could not help smiling in sympathy.

"Desmond, why don't you marry?"

The question was asked so seriously, and Mrs. Villier's face assumed such a solemn expression, that Desmond felt compelled to assume an answering solemnity.

"Why don't I marry?" he repeated slowly. "Well, my love, the fact is—if you must know—I don't care about it."

"Nonsense!"

"A man in your position ought to marry! Why, if you die without children, the title and estates would go to that horrid wild Irishman, Brian Selwyn. And you are so fond of children! Why don't you marry, and have some of your own to spoil, instead of ruining your unfortunate sister's olive-branches?"

"I am fond of your children. I don't know that I care for the species generally," Desmond answered meditatively.

"There's an advantage in spoiling other people's children. One can get rid of them directly they begin to be obnoxious. Proceed love."

"I ought to marry, you say."

"Is there any idol in particular before whose shrine you propose to immolate this unfortunate victim?"

"There are so many nice girls."

"I could point out five or six desirable in every way!"

"Five or six!"

"Good Heavens, Amy, don't be immoral! You don't wish to see your brother a second Brigham Young, I trust!" Desmond cried, with assumed indignation.

"Don't be absurd! There is Florence Trevlyn, now."

"She created quite a sensation when she came out last season."

"Her portrait was in all the shop-windows in Regent Street, and they say the Prince danced with her twice one night at a ball at Marlborough House. And I think she likes you, Desmond."

"I appreciate the compliment; but she ought to bring a high figure in the matrimonial market. I fancy she is beyond my purse," returned Desmond, quite unmoved by the flattering imputation. "Try again."

"Ellen Kughley? She is not; so handsome as Florance; but she is such a sweet girl, you would be able to mould her into anything you liked, Desmond."

"Thanks; but I am afraid the game wouldn't be worth the candle."

"Then, if Ellen won't suit you, what do say to your old sweetheart, Lady Bretton? She is a widow now, you know."

Mrs. Villiers dropped the screen with which she had been shading her face from the fire, and looked searchingly at her brother.

Desmond had taken up a fan from the mantelpiece, and was furling and unfurling it absently. He colored a little and laughed oddly as he met his sister's questioning eyes.

"A widow! Ah, I never was fond of widows!" he said lightly.

Mrs. Villiers frowned, and shook her pretty head at her brother.

"I do believe, Desmond," she said slowly, "that it is some sentimental fancy about that girl you met at the Diamond Fields that keeps you from marrying."

"Why, my dear foolish old fellow, you don't know what girls are! I have no doubt she has forgotten you long ago, and is married to some thriving young colonial merchant or farmer."

"Likely enough."

Desmond had colored and laughed at his sister's words.

"I have never seen or heard anything of her for more than nine years."

"We kept up a correspondence for six months after I left Natal, and then she went to school, and I received a prim little letter telling me that Miss Somebody or other did not consider it proper for her pupils to correspond with young gentlemen, and that my letters had better cease. Fancy poor little Pat bothering her head about propriety!"—and Desmond laughed softly.

"Yes, as you say, she is probably married now. She must be nearly five-and-twenty, and colonial girls, as a rule, marry young. Imagine little Pat a woman—perhaps a wife and mother now! It seems incredible!"

There was a regretful tenderness in Desmond's voice, as if he were grieving over the loss of his childish sweetheart, that half-amused, half-touched Mrs. Villiers.

She looked up at him with a tender smile as he stood on the hearth-rug, leaning his arm on the mantel-shelf, puffing at his pipe with a thoughtful face.

"Any woman might be proud to call Desmond her lover," Mrs. Villiers thought.

"Was she pretty, Desmond?" she asked softly.

"No, not particularly. She had lovely eyes, though—darkest brown, with a flash of golden light in the pupils."

Desmond spoke very thoughtfully. A sudden remembrance of Patricia's last farewell, of the dark eyes whose lustre was quenched by bitter tears, of the slender arms which clung round his neck, of the passionate farewell words, came back to him with vivid distinctness—"I shall never forget you, Desmond—never forget you, or love any one but you as long as I live." And his face grew very grave and tender.

"I dare say you will laugh at me, Amy; but I have an odd fancy—nay, more than a fancy, a conviction—that I shall meet her again some day," he went on, looking at his sister with a quiet smile.

"She may be married, as you say, only I don't think she is. Any way"—and he paused an instant and smiled softly to himself—"I guess I'll wait a little longer."

"Oh, Desmond, I have no patience with you! You are wasting the best years of your life for a mere fancy," Mrs. Villiers cried.

"Wasting!"

"Nay, I think I get as much enjoyment out of my life as most people," Desmond answered, with a genial laugh.

"Candidly, Amy, I am quite satisfied; I have plenty of work, plenty of pleasure to fill my life; and I never saw the woman for whose sake I would give up my liberty or"—and he smiled oddly again—"forget my little sweetheart!"

"You know what a wild, bad fellow I was in my young days, before I went out to the Cape."

"Never bad, Desmond. Wild and foolish, if you like," Mrs. Villiers interrupted, putting a gentle hand on her brother's arm; "but never bad."

"I gave the old governor trouble enough, at all events." Desmond returned ruefully.

"Jove, what a young fool I was, to be sure! That visit to the Diamond Fields and my friendship with Patricia Raynor were the luckiest things that ever happened to me; for she unconsciously taught me such a lesson of self-denial, of patient endurance and courage, that made me thoroughly ashamed of my idle, useless life, and helped me to better things."

"If I have ever done any good in the world, it is all owing to little Pat," Desmond went on, with an infinite tenderness in his voice.

There was a short silence in the room.

Outside the fog grew denser and denser and the street-lamps fainter every moment.

The traffic in the street had almost ceased, and link-boys ran to and fro waving their flaming red torches.

Desmond walked to the window, and looked out into the darkness and fog.

"I think I had better go before it gets any worse."

"You won't attempt to go to Lady Morrison's to-night, Amy, unless the fog clears, I suppose?"

"No."

"Percy makes such a fuss over the horses," Mrs. Villiers answered rather testily; "and I particularly want to go."

"Why?"

"Oh, the American beauty is to be present!"

"And who may she be?"

"Oh, Desmond, you are behindhand! She is a Miss Wilfer, a great beauty and an heiress besides."

"I met her last week at the Thornes' ball, and was immensely taken with her."

"Shall I introduce you?"

"No, thanks."

"I don't like American girls."

"Tell Villiers I shall not be able to meet him at the club to-night."

"I expect we shall have a late sitting at the House, for the Government are bringing forward an important measure, and we intend to fight it tooth and nail."

Desmond's eyes sparkled, as if he rather enjoyed the prospect of the fight.

He took up his hat, and, with a smile and nod to his sister, went out of the room.

The butler, who was standing in the hall looking gloomily out of the window into the fog, came forward with a remonstrance.

"The fog is dreadful, Sir Desmond."

"Shall I send for a cab?"

"No, thanks, Purfield; I think I would rather trust to my legs."

"I haven't far to go, and I can't miss my way," Desmond answered cheerfully as he buttoned up his ulster round his throat and stepped outside.

Fortunately, he had not very far to go; the streets were almost deserted, and the omnibuses had ceased running, though now and then a hansom cab drove slowly past; many of the shops were closed, and the gas-lamps looked like little specks of yellow light through the fog.

Desmond would have laughed at the idea of losing his way; but he was compelled to acknowledge before long, as he turned a corner and found himself in a long narrow street of private houses, that he must have taken the wrong turning.

He walked on a few steps, then paused irresolutely, and looked vainly round for a policeman.

As he did so, a woman's tall figure—looking absurdly tall and broad in the fog—ran up against him, passed him with a hurried apology, then came back and addressed him.

"Can you tell me where I can get a cab," a sweet, rather frightened voice said timidly—"or direct me to Bretton Street? I have lost my way."

"I am afraid I am in the same predicament"—and Desmond raised his hat and bowed courteously—"but I want to go near Bretton Street. If you will allow me to accompany you, I dare say we shall find our way by-and-by."

"Thank you very much."

The speaker turned and walked quietly by Desmond's side up the street.

He glanced at her curiously; but it was too dark to see her face, even if a thick veil, tied tightly over a little bonnet, had not effectually concealed the features.

She was tall and she walked well, and her voice was very sweet and clear—oddly familiar too, Desmond fancied.

"I think we are on the right track," he said cheerfully, as they turned the corner of the street; "but the fog is so thick that, if you will permit me, I will see you safely home. You might lose your way again, and it is rather late for a young lady to be out alone."

He fancied, but he could not be quite sure, that a smile of amusement flashed across his companion's face.

"I am used to going about alone," she answered quietly, "but not to fogs."

"You are a stranger in London, then?" Desmond said, with a careless laugh.

"Yes."

"I have only been here a few weeks."

"This afternoon I went out shopping, and missed my cab, and, in looking for another, took the wrong turning, and found myself in an unknown locality."

"And grew a little bit nervous, I dare say?" said Desmond kindly.

"Just a little. The fog is so confusing," his companion answered frankly.

"I could not summon courage to ring the bell at any of those solemn-looking houses, and all kinds of dreadful stories came into my head. Oh, I was glad to see you!"

"But you are not frightened now?"

"You feel you can trust me?" Desmond said, in the half-playful protecting way which he generally assumed when talking to young girls.

His companion must be very young, he thought, or very innocent and inexperienced, to place such implicit confidence in a perfect stranger.

They turned the corner of the street as he spoke, and entered a better lighted thoroughfare.

The brilliant light from the window of a jeweller's shop fell full upon his face; his companion looked up, started violently, and the little hand which rested so confidently on his arm trembled ever so slightly.

"Oh, no, I am not a bit frightened now!" she said, with a thrill of inexpressible sweetness and content in her clear ringing voice.

"That is right; because I am quite an old fellow, you know; and I am accustomed to being regarded in a fatherly light by young girls," Desmond went on pleasantly.

"But I am not a young girl—I am nearly five-and-twenty," his companion answered, throwing back her head with a quaint assumption of dignity.

"Why, this is Bretton Street, surely! Our house is number sixteen."

It was a large house with an imposing entrance, and a pompous-looking butler was standing on the steps looking out anxiously into the fog.

Through the open door Desmond caught a glimpse of a handsomely furnished inner hall, all black oak furniture and bronze figures, gleaming against crimson draperies and stands of flowers that wafted a soft perfume into the street.

"This is the house? Then I will say good-bye. Don't get lost in a fog again," Desmond said lightly.

He took off his hat and walked quickly down the street, and then remembered that he had quite forgotten to ask the name of his unknown companion.

"I might have done that! What an ass I was, to be sure," he said impatiently to himself.

"She was a jolly pleasant little soul—nearly five-and-twenty, she said; just the age of my little sweetheart! I can fancy little Pat being just as confident and fearless, having just such a sweet ringing voice as that girl has."

And then Desmond laughed and pulled his mustache grimly.

"What a fool I am! No doubt, as Amy says, she has forgotten all about me long ago."

Meanwhile, the girl had passed quickly into the house, and, running lightly up stairs, looked into the drawing-room, where a middle-aged lady was sitting half asleep in an easy-chair by the fire.

"Here I am, aunt Sophia! Did you think I was lost?" she said gaily.

"I thought you rather late, certainly. How cold you look, dear! Make haste and take your things off, and come to the fire. Shall I ring for Welton?"

"No, I am going up stairs," the girl answered.

She went out of the room as she finished the sentence, and ran up the broad staircase to her dressing-room. She threw aside her seal jacket and bonnet, and, walking to a long mirror, looked long and intently at herself. She saw a tall nobly formed figure, a small head crowned with thick plaits of blue-black hair, lustrous eyes which were full of a strange excited delight, and sweet quivering red lips.

"Am I so much changed, I wonder?" she said half sadly to herself. "He did not know me; but I knew him at once. But then I have had his portrait to look at all these long years."

She drew out with trembling fingers a locket which hung round her neck by a thin gold chain, opened it, and looked at the pictured face.

"He has not altered much; he looks older, of course; but he is as handsome and kind as ever.

"Oh, I should have know him anywhere!

"But I dared not tell him so.

"He may be married, and not care to be reminded of those old days.

"Yet it was so sweet to be with him again, to feel that he was taking care of me just as he used to do years ago.

"Oh, my dear old Desmond"—and her eyes filled with sudden, passionate tears—"I think it will break my heart if I find you have forgotten the old times and your little sweetheart as completely as you have forgotten her face!"

CHAPTER VII.

THE fog lifted as the evening advanced, and Mrs. Villiers was able, after all, to attend Lady Morrison's party.

It was a very brilliant affair, for all kinds of distinguished people—authors, artists and sculptors—two professional beauties who looked in for a few minutes on their way to a ball, and a black bishop newly arrived from South Africa, were present.

Beautiful Miss Wilfer, the American heiress—who, little though she guessed it, was herself one of the principal attractions of the evening—was very much interested in watching the celebrities.

"Who is that pretty woman in pale blue sitting by the piano, Mr. Chevalier?" she asked a young barrister, one of her most devoted admirers.

"I was introduced to her a few days ago; but I am ashamed to say I have forgotten her name."

"Oh, that is Miss Villiers!

"She is the sister of Sir Desmond Selwyn, whose speech in the House the other night made such a sensation.

"Yes, she is a very jolly little woman, and her house is one of the pleasantest in town.

"You know Sir Desmond, I think?"

"I have seen him," Miss Wilfer answered shortly.

Her eyes had grown very bright and beautiful, and she looked at Mrs. Villiers with an intensely interested face as she spoke.

She hesitated for a moment, and then added:

"I think I should like to speak with her, if you would be kind enough to take me to her.

"I don't like the idea of crossing the room alone."

"With pleasure.

"But you are different from most American girls, Miss Wilfer.

"They are generally so very independent," the young man laughed, as he offered his arm to his companion, and they crossed the room together.

"Am I"—and Miss Wilfer smiled gently.

"But I am not an American girl, as it happens, Mr. Chevalier.

"My father and mother were English, and I was born in Natal."

"Indeed!

"Why, I always understood you were an American."

"I have lived in America for the past few years," Miss Wilfer answered, as she passed before the couch where Mrs. Villier's sat, and held out her hand.

"I am afraid you have forgotten me, Mrs. Villiers.

"I met you at Mrs. Thorne's ball," she said, with pretty eagerness.

"I don't think I could forget you very easily, my dear," the elder lady returned, with an answering smile.

She moved her dress and made room for the girl beside her.

Mrs. Villiers was very much flattered by the preference shown for her by the young beauty, who sent one admirer after another away with superb indifference, and declined to sing, or dance, or do anything but sit on the sofa and listen to Mrs. Villiers' conversation—conversation which was principally about Desmond, and Desmond's sayings and doings.

Mrs. Villiers was immeasurably proud of her brother, and never grew weary of praising him, and Miss Wilfer seemed equally eager to listen.

"I met your brother this afternoon.

"I was out shopping, and lost my way in the fog, and he kindly escorted me home," she said, blushing.

"Indeed!

"But I did not know you and my brother were acquaintances," Mrs. Villiers said, in a tone of pleased surprise.

"I know him by sight," Miss Wilfer answered hurriedly.

There came an odd little smile to her lips as she spoke, and her eyes grew soft and dreamy.

"Is he married?"

She spoke quietly; but her fingers closed so tightly over her fan, that one of the fragile gold and pearl strands suddenly broke in two.

"Oh, no!

"Desmond is a confirmed old bachelor," Mrs. Villiers laughed.

"Why, my dear, you have broken your pretty fan.

"What a pity!"

"Oh, it does not matter."

Miss Wilfer dropped the fan carelessly, and a smile of infinite beauty and sweetness lit up her glorious eyes as she rose from her seat and stood before Mrs. Villiers, such a radiant vision in her white satin and lace robes, with great strings of milk-white pearls gleaming round her white throat and arms, that several men turned to look at her, and Mrs. Villiers felt almost dazzled by the supreme beauty and sweetness of the face which looked down so kindly into her own.

"I must go now.

"My chaperone is waiting.

"We have an engagement at another party to-night," Miss Wilfer said, holding out her hand.

"Good-bye."

"Good-bye.

"Don't forget you have promised to lunch with me on Thursday," Mrs. Villiers answered.

"Oh, I shall not forget."

Miss Wilfer drew her hand away, with a nod and a smile, and joined her chaperone, who was waiting a little impatiently for her charge.

Half the brightness in the room seemed to have vanished, Mrs. Villiers thought, when the door closed behind the young beauty.

Desmond was much surprised and pleased when his sister informed him the next day that the unknown demoiselle whom he had befriended on the previous afternoon and the American beauty were one and the same, and even requested, with a very unusual eagerness to be allowed to join the luncheon-party.

An unexpected business engagement, however, prevented him from keeping his appointment, and it was late in the day—nearly five o'cock—before he could get away.

Miss Wilfer and the children were in the library, for some visitors had arrived just after luncheon, and Mrs. Villiers had been obliged to leave her guest for a few minutes.

The library, which was the favorite sitting-room of the family, looked very comfortable and cosy that dark February afternoon.

The bright fire burning in the grate cast warm, flickering lights and shadows on the oak-paneled walls, and gave a strange, life-like look to the face of a portrait which hung over the fireplace, a portrait of a sweet, sad face, with pathetic eyes, which smiled down on the merry group gathered around the fire.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

THE DEATH PENALTY.—Up to 1824, there were 223 offences which were made capital by the laws of England, and 187 laws for inflicting the death penalty had been passed since the accession of Charles II. In the seven years from 1819 to 1825 there were 579 executions, and less than one-fifth of them were for murder. For minor offences there were the pillory, flogging at the cart's tail and the stocks. Men stood in the pillory for an hour or more, usually on three successive market days, to be jeered at by the crowd. Eaton, the aged publisher of Tom Paine's "Age of Reason," was punished in that way in 1812 and the pillory was not given up till 1832.

A BRAVE YOUTH.—A party of young men were telling what they would do were they shipwrecked out upon the sea, and left buffeting with the waves without a plank to sustain them. Each one gave his opinion, except Paddy Murphy, who, after being asked for his, replied—"Bad cess to ye for a cowardly set of spalpeens! Ye'd all be afther savin' yourselves, an' not tryin' to save another. Why, its Paddy Murphy that would swim to shore an' save himself, and thin come back an' try to save another."

A WOMAN'S SIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BARBARA GRAHAM," "ALMOST SACRIFICED," "MABEL MAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.—[CONTINUED.]

FOR an instant Mollie drew back, with an expression of infinite shrinking and dislike on her face; but at the Vicar's words she controlled herself with a strong effort, and went forward and touched Daisy's hand.

"But Margaret?" Bernhart heard her whisper, and his own face grew very sad and stern as he caught the words.

What could he—what could they all think of Margaret—Margaret who had come among them and taken their hearts by storm and earned their gratitude—what could they think of Margaret now? Bernhart was invaluable during the next half-hour, for both Mr. and Mrs. Treherne were too disturbed and excited to be of any use, and Mollie, though she forced herself to speak now and then, sat behind her tea-cups with a dazed bewildered terror in her face.

He tried his best to make conversation, and to draw out the little bride, who sat bolt upright in her chair with a flushed face and bright indignant eyes, casting alternately defiant glances at Mollie's bewildered, and her husband's angry face but the well-meant efforts failed signally. Bertie's cup of wrath overflowed at last.

"No, I won't have any more tea, thank you, Mollie," he said, pushing his cup away.

"I shall be glad if some one will kindly inform me what on earth it all means, and why you keep casting such furtive glances at my wife!

"One would think you had never heard of her existence before!"

"Shall I tell him?" Bernhart asked looking at Mr. Treherne.

"Well, Bertie, the fact is we were all taken by surprise by Mrs. Treherne's appearance.

"You remember in your last letter, when you told us of your intended journey to Spain, you said also that your wife would come alone, and stay here till your return. Well," the Vicar went on slowly, "two days after that letter, she—came!"

"Came!

"Nonsense!

"She was with me all the time," Bertie cried incredulously.

"Some one whom we all grew to love very dearly, first for your sake, and afterwards"—he glanced at Mollie—"for her own; she remained with us about a week and then left rather suddenly."

"Who could it be?

"What object could she have had?" Bertie began in a bewildered voice, looking helplessly at his wife.

Daisy had flushed up suddenly at the Vicar's words, and now she startled from her low seat, and caught hold of her husband's hand in her excitement.

"I know—it was Margaret," she cried. "Wait one moment;" and she turned to the Squire abruptly.

"Did she take my diamonds away with her?"

The Squire started.

"Yes—part of them at all events—one of the bracelets and the locket," he cried, gazing at his daughter-in-law's flushed face.

"Who do you say it was?

"Margaret?

"Yes, that was her name."

"I knew it;" and Daisy clasped her hands tragically.

"You must be mistaken, dear—I am sure Margaret would never—oh, hang it all, I can't believe that!" cried Bertie.

"Wait a moment, Bertie;" and Daisy, pleased, even in the midst of her excitement and dismay, at finding herself once more the centre of attraction, looked round impressively at the group of attentive faces.

"The night before we left England, Maggie and I had a—well, not a quarrel, I never quarrel with people—but a difference of opinion.

"She wanted me to give or lend—for it amounted to the same thing—two thousand dollars for a certain person and I refused to do either decisively."

"What was the purpose? Why did she want the money?"

It was Mollie who asked the question, and the words came hoarse and strained from beneath her white lips.

"For herself?"

"No.

"It was Ernest Everhill.

"She had been engaged to him before uncle John died—a regular bad lot he is too—and he has lately got into some dreadful scrape—taken some money that does not belong to him I believe," Daisy went on, with a look of pious horror. "And it was for him—to save him from ruin, that I wanted the money.

"It was very unlikely that I was going to waste my money over him, so I refused, and then she told me she would make me give it to her, for it was as much hers as mine."

"What did she mean by that?"

Daisy did not answer very readily.

"Well," she said at last, in a rather defiant tone, "uncle John made a new will just before he died, leaving his money divided equally between us both, but he never signed it, so of course the will in which I was his sole heiress stood good."

The hard strained look of horror and bewilderment on Mollie's face faded and her

eyes grew bright, and clear, and defiant as she looked across the table at Daisy.

"Your uncle left you a great deal of money, didn't he?" she asked in a singularly quiet voice.

"Yes;" and Daisy looked down and played with her spoon, with an air of conscious merit infinitely exasperating.

"More than five thousand dollars a year."

"Then don't you think"—and Mollie leaned across the table and spoke very slowly and quietly—"that you might have spared her that paltry sum out of all your abundance?

"If your uncle had lived a little longer, I suppose she would not have needed to ask you for it; as it was—it was morally, if not legally hers—how could you refuse?"

"Because I was not silly enough to throw good money after bad," replied Daisy, with a little toss of her head.

"Why should I?

"Ernest was no particular friend of mine.

"He always liked Maggie best, and she was devoted to him.

"I believe she would have done anything in the world for Ernest!"

"So it seems," Mollie said.

All at once the atmosphere of the room seemed to grow close and oppressive. She sprang from her seat and left the room hastily, and went outside on the terrace-walk—where Margaret and she had often wandered up and down in the moonlight—with her heart beating with love and pity and sorrow.

There was no moon to-night, and only two or three stars gleamed in the cloudy sky, but a soft wind rustling among the trees brought a breath of salt air to her flushed cheeks, and the faint murmur of the sea fell upon her ears like a soothing voice.

She was standing in the porch resting her head against the wood-work, when, half an hour afterwards, the Vicar came to look for her, and she threw back her head and looked up with a defiant smile as he approached.

"Well, is the trial over? And what is the verdict?

"Guilty or not guilty?" she said sarcastically.

It was almost too dark for Bernhart to see her passionate, tear-stained face; but the sorrow and defiance in her voice touched and grieved him.

"I don't think after what happened 'last week we could any of us be very harsh judges, Mollie," he answered gravely; "but, notwithstanding, the sin remains the same."

"I don't see there was any sin in it," Mollie interrupted impatiently.

"It was her own money by right, you must acknowledge that.

"As she could not get it by fair means, she—got it the best way she could!

"Women are obliged to be like that some times, you know!" the girl went on, with a new hardness in her voice that shocked and puzzled her hearer.

"They are obliged to lie, and cheat, and wheedle to get their own way.

"Craft and subtlety are a woman's natural weapons, you know.

"I heard you say so not long ago yourself."

"If I did—it was in jest," Bernhart rejoined quietly; "you know that as well as I do.

"No, Mollie, I am very sorry—almost as sorry as you are yourself—that this has happened.

"No amount of casuistry or sophistry would convince me that she was justified in such a case.

"It was selfish and cruel to refuse, I admit freely; but two wrongs never made a right, you know."

"Of—of course."

Mollie turned impatiently away.

"You all turn against her now, I know!

"Yes, as you put it, I dare say it was wrong.

"It won't make the least difference to me for all that!

"I shall love her all the same; as for that——"

"Mollie, take care!"

But the warning voice fell for once unheeded.

It was very rarely that Mollie lost her temper, she was generally so sweet, and bright and merry.

Just for once she regaled the Vicar with a specimen.

Her blue eyes grew dark and fierce, and her pretty lip curled viciously, as she answered, with a stamp of her foot—

"No, I shall not take care!

"I think she is a selfish little beast, and I shall never like her—never till the last day of my life!"

CHAPTER VI.

"THE question is, what had we better do?" Bertie said to his father the next morning, as they walked up and down the terrace-walk, talking the engrossing subject over.

"It is quite impossible to let such valuable jewels slip quietly out of our hands, and equally impossible to make a fuss over them.

"I have no doubt but that, as Daisy suggests, Margaret has either sold, or, more likely, borrowed money on the diamonds, and in that case we might have a chance of getting them back again."

"Confound the diamonds!" the Squire answered impatiently.

"They have never brought anything but ill-luck with them from the very commencement.

"What does Bernhart say?"

"He recommended me to telegraph to Messrs. Anderson, young Everhill's employers, to ascertain if he were still with them.

"I received their reply half an hour ago.

"He gave up his situation and sailed, they believed, for New Zealand last week. I would rather have paid the money twice over than this should have happened," Bertie went on impatiently.

"She must have been mad!"

"Not mad—desperate you mean," Mr. Treherne answered gravely.

"Would it be of any use to advertise, do you think?"

"We might try," Bertie said thoughtfully.

Poor Bertie had not had a very pleasant time during the last twelve hours.

Daisy's temper, never very amiable under contradiction, was completely upset by what had occurred, and she had been awake sobbing and weeping, most of the night, alternately bewailing the loss of her diamonds, Margaret's ingratitude, and Mollie's unkindness, until Bertie's patience was exhausted, and he had told her rather sharply to "shut up," after which she had relapsed into disgusted sulkiness.

Mollie, who was not a little ashamed of the fit of passion which had astonished the Vicar so much the night before, was feeling very penitent and sad that morning, and did her best, in her gentle shy way, to atone for her cold reception by being very pleasant and kind to her sister-in-law.

But in vain.

Daisy merely looked martyred and injured, and refused to take any interest in, or to talk of anything but the loss of her diamonds and Margaret's ingratitude.

It was in vain that Mollie suggested a ride or row, or invited Daisy to walk round the plantation, gay now with primroses and sweet with violets.

Daisy "didn't care for wild flowers, hated the sea, and never felt safe behind any horse which was not driven by Bertie."

Mollie's small stock of patience was rapidly becoming exhausted, and she was just on the point of abandoning Daisy to her own devices when Mr. Bernhart was announced.

Mollie colored up vividly as he entered the room.

She was feeling thoroughly ashamed of the abrupt manner in which she had left him the night before, and of the parting words which she had—metaphorically—flung at his head, and she felt as if she could not look up and meet his keen eyes.

"How pale you look, Mollie!" the Vicar exclaimed, crossing over to where she was sitting.

"This room is too warm for you.

"Have you been out to-day?

"No?

"Then put on your hat and come down to the sea for half an hour," he said, in his most authoritative voice.

"Perhaps"—and he looked across the room at Daisy—"Mrs. Treherne will come with us."

But Daisy declined.

It was not a very pleasant day, and the wind was cutting, and she was not used to being out in all kinds of weather like Mollie; and besides—with an air of matronly importance—Bertie would be in presently and she must not be absent.

Mollie drew a deep breath of relief when they reached the beach.

As Daisy had said, it was not a very pleasant day.

There were dark gray clouds hovering overhead, and every now and then a few heavy drops fell.

The fresh salt wind that blew across the rocks and dashed the spray in her face seemed to bring new life and strength to Mollie.

"Well, Mollie," Bernhart said, with an amused twinkle in his eyes, after they had walked on for some time in silence, "and what have you to say for yourself to-day?"

Mollie colored and looked down penitently.

"I was very rude to you, wasn't I?" she said softly.

"But I was so unhappy, and when I am unhappy I am generally—cross.

"And you must not scold me now, Mr. Bernhart, for I have been doing penance all the day for it," she added,, with a faint smile.

"So I judged from your face a little while ago," Bernhart answered drily.

"Poor little woman!"

Mollie felt the tears rush into her eyes at the sympathetic words; but she struggled bravely to keep them from falling.

"I wouldn't mind that a bit.

"I would not mind how disagreeable she was.

"I would pay up with it all for Bertie's sake and try to like her if—if Margaret—oh, if I only knew!" Mollie cried, pulling her hand from the Vicar's arm and bursting into passionate tears.

"Knew what, darling?" Bernhart asked gently.

"Knew where she was!" Mollie cried. "Oh, I remember now how sad she looked when she said good-bye—how she held me in her arms and kissed me as solemnly and slowly as if I were dead and I laughed and made some idiotic jest about her solemn face.

"Oh, if I only knew where she is!"

"We will try to find out, dear," the Vicar answered.

"Bertie is going to advertise."

"That won't be of any use," Mollie rejoined sadly.

"It is not likely she will answer; she will know it is only to get the diamonds back again.

"And I don't care a straw about the diamonds.

"I only want to see her—my Maggie!"

Dearly as he loved her, Bernhart, had never given careless, merry little Mollie credit for possessing any very deep feeling; and the intense passion and earnestness of her voice startled him.

Dimly he guessed that, hidden deep in her loyal heart, were capacities for suffering and loving which he had never recognized before, and, with the knowlege, his love grew and deepened into something very like reverence.

But he did not say anything of his own hopes and wishes.

Indeed Mollie was scarcely in the mood to listen if he had.

He took her for a long walk across the sands, past the coastguard-station and the lighthouse, and the great rock where the seabirds built their nests, till the sun sank in a bed of gorgeous clouds and warned them it was time to return.

The fresh breeze and the rapid scramble over the shingle had brought back the color to Mollie's cheeks, and she looked bright and happy again as they parted at the gate.

"I wish I could come up this evening, Mollie," he said regretfully; "but I cannot.

"I might perhaps have made it a little easier for you; but I have a service and, after that, the night-school to attend."

"I am coming to the service to-night," Mollie answered quietly.

"I have often heard people say that it comforts them sometimes to go to church, and I am sure I want a little comfort now," added the girl, with a sad smile.

"So I am going to try."

But Mollie was not destined to try the effects of spiritual consolation that evening, for, immediately after dinner, as she was the hall in her walking-dress, she was told that Pierson, her favorite boatman, was waiting to speak to her.

He was a tall gipsy-looking man with a brown picturesque face and bright dark eyes, and Mollie, who was fond of good-looking people, generally engaged his boat.

"Might I speak to you, Miss Mollie?" he said, as Mollie opened the side door.

"So nothing in the man's significant tone made Mollie's heart beat fast, and she closed the door quickly.

"Well, Pierson, what is it?" she asked anxiously.

Pierson took a note from his pocket, and, looking round to see he was unobserved, gave it into Mollie's eager hand.

"The—lady—asked me to give it to you, Miss Mollie, when you were alone," he said rather awkwardly.

He hesitated a little over the title, for already the news had spread abroad in the village that Mr. Bertie and his wife returned home, and that there was "something queer" about the lady with whom Miss Mollie had been constantly walking and driving, and who had been understood to be the young Squire's wife.

Mollie opened the letter eagerly, but it was with some difficulty that she made out the hastily penciled words.

"Mollie, will you come to me?

"I don't deserve it; but I want to see you terribly.

"Pierson will tell you where to come."

That was all.

Mollie's heart beat high, and a new hope flashed into her mind as she read the words.

"Where is she, Pierson?" she asked quickly.

"At my cottage, miss.

"I met her on the sands this afternoon, and she looked so tired and fagged that I couldn't help asking her in to rest a bit," Pierson answered.

"She had walked all the way from Ryton to see you, miss; and that is a good ten miles cross the sands.

"So my missus took her in and made her comfortable while I went for you!"

Mollie looked up, with her eyes full of grateful passionate tears.

"All that way!

"And you took her in—you were good to her?" she cried in her impulsive way.

"Why, Pierson"—and, much to the man's surprise and embarrassment, Mollie caught his rough hand in her soft palms and pressed it heartily—"I shall love and thank you for it to the last day of my life!

"Is she at your house now?"

"Yes."

"Then come quickly," Mollie cried.

Pierson's cottage was about a mile from the village.

It was a picturesque cabin, built against the side of the cliff, just out of reach of the highest tides.

Mollie knew it well, for Mrs. Pierson had been a housemaid at the Hall, and Mollie was godmother to the eldest baby.

It was rough walking across the beach, for the tide was high, and they were obliged to keep on the shingly path close to the cliff.

Pierson went first, stopping now and then to help Mollie over the rough stones and beds of seaweed flung up by the tide.

When they came within sight of the cottage, Mollie paused.

"I think I will wait here, Pierson.

Ask her to come out to me," she said.

A few moments of suspense, which seemed very long to Mollie, followed.

She was standing in a sheltered corner, leaning against a rock, with the sea breaking almost at her feet, and seabirds shrieking overhead.

But she had not long to wait.

Very quickly a tall dark figure came hurriedly down the path, and in another moment Mollie was clasped in Margaret's arms.

The two women clung to each other in silence for a little while, then Margaret spoke.

"I thought you would come, Mollie.

"I felt as if I must see you again.

"It is very good of you to come, now that you know all.

"Mollie, can you ever forgive me?

"You were so wonderfully good to me, and I—deceived you so vilely!"

Mollie put her fingers gently against the quivering lips.

"Hush, you are not speak so to me!" she said in her soft voice.

"I have nothing to forgive; and, as to Daisy"—there was an impatient ring in the girl's voice "that is between you and her. I know why you took the diamonds."

"Say 'stole,'" Margaret interrupted coldly.

"That is the truth.

"I was desperate when I came here first, Mollie.

"Daisy had refused to give me the money and I did not care what I did or how I got it so long as I saved Ernest.

"Did Daisy tell you the whole story, Mollie?"

"She told me enough to show me what a selfish little wretch she is, Mollie answered viciously.

Margaret smiled sadly.

"You are a very faithful friend, aren't you, Mollie?" she said tenderly, smoothing back the bright hair which, roughened by the wind, was lying on Mollie's forehead in soft wavy rings.

"Yes, she is selfish.

"I have never told you much of our home or early girlhood, have I?

"But I should like you to know now because—are you cold, my dear?

"I thought you shivered."

"Not at all cold.

"See, your shawl covers us both.

"Go on, tell me," Mollie answered.

"Daisy and I have lived together nearly all our lives," Margaret began.

"Her parents died when she was quite a baby, and her home was with us as long as my father and mother lived.

"After they died—we were quite little things then—Daisy was four, I think, and I seven—we went to live with my mother's brother in Westmoreland.

"I have told you about our home among the hills, Mollie.

"It was very beautiful, but very wild and lonely all round.

"Most of the houses were small cottages occupied by the laborers on the farms—indeed the clergyman and his wife were my uncle's only friends.

"I can't you how kind Mrs. Everhill was to us, Mollie!"—and Margaret's voice trembled.

"My uncle gave us a home and food and clothing, but she gave us what we sorely needed, and what was infinitely more precious—a mother's love and tenderness.

"They had only one child—Ernest—a boy four years older than myself, and he was like a brother to us in our early days, and afterwards far more than a brother to me. We were engaged when I was twenty, and were to have been married two years ago.

"All my troubles dated from that illness, I think," Maggie said drearily.

"Uncle John had been ill for a long time, but not—as we thought—dangerously, and he died suddenly at last, without, as he had always intended, altering his will and leaving Daisy and me an equal share in his property."

"Daisy's mother had been his favorite sister, and his will, which had been made when he was quite a young man, left everything to her and her children.

"I don't want to speak harshly of Daisy," Margaret went on quietly, "so I won't say what I should have done in her place, and I did not care much. I had a small income of my own, and, as I was to be married so soon, I was quite willing to leave my share to her. But soon after—just before Bertie fell in love with Daisy—there was great trouble at the Vicarage. Ernest had got into a bad set in Manchester—had lost a great deal of money in gambling and speculating, and Mr. Everhill had to make great sacrifices in order to pay the debts. Then, just after Daisy's marriage, I had dreadful news from Ernest. He had been speculating again in the vain hope of winning back what he had lost, and, worst of all—oh, Mollie, worst of all!"—sobbed Margaret passionately, "it was not his own money this time, but some belonging to the bank. He was a ruined man—so he told me—unless this money—it was a large sum, nearly two thousand dollars—was refunded before the end of April. I could only see one way of obtaining it. I thought it was just possible that Daisy might lend it to me. She was of age, you know, and her money was entirely under her own control; and besides, I was sure Bertie would not object, so I asked her. Asked? Oh, far more than that! I prayed her by the memory of our childhood—by the kindness and love which Mrs. Everhill had shown to us both—to help me, but she would not. Must I go on, Mollie? Must I tell you how a way of escape suddenly opened? I had often heard Bertie speak of the diamonds which were waiting for Daisy in his father's home, and all at once the temptation came and I—fell! It was a very easy matter, dear"—and Margaret looked up with a wan smile—"you were so unsuspicious, unworldly people, and everything seemed to help me. You were expecting Daisy to remain with you during Bertie's absence, and, as Daisy would not come, what more easy than for me to take her place? You know all now, Mollie, and yet—your arms are clasping me yet more tightly, and I can feel your kisses

and tears on my cheek! Oh, my darling, is it possible you can care for me still?"

"Always—always!" Mollie cried.

Her tears were falling in hot passionate drops, and her heart was beating wildly with love and pity.

"Always—always!" the thrilling voice cried.

"Always!" echoed the loyal heart.

"What does Daisy say?" Margaret asked after a time, when Mollie's sobs had softened into quiet tears, and they were both calmer.

"She is very angry, I suppose?"

"I suppose so," Mollie answered carelessly."

"Bertie does not seem to mind much. He is more sorry for you, I think."

"She has not lost her jewels after all, you know,"

"I have not actually sold them."

"I took them to the jeweller's where uncle always bought our ornaments. He knew me well enough, and he believed my story readily when I told him they were family jewels."

"He knew uncle John was a wealthy man, you know."

"I told him I was going to be married, and that a few hundreds were of infinitely more use to me just then than the stones; and I asked him to lend me the money for a few weeks, taking the diamonds as security, and he agreed readily."

"So, you see, if Daisy is willing to sacrifice the money, she can have her jewels back at once."

"I see," Mollie said absently.

She sat for some time in silence, holding Margaret's hand, and looking across the gray expanse of water with a thoughtful frown on her face.

"Maggie, if I got you the money—I don't see how exactly just now, but I might by-and-by—you could get the diamonds at once; couldn't you?" she said suddenly.

"Yes, directly."

"Then I will try;" and Mollie rose from her seat with a sudden resolution in her face.

"Don't go from here till to-morrow night, Maggie."

"Pierson will let you stay, I know, and keep our secret for my sake; and I will come and tell you some time to-morrow if I see any way of getting the money."

"And now I must go."

"They will think I am lost if I stay longer, and come to look for me."

She put up her face, all glowing and bright now, and kissed Maggie twice.

"Maggie, I never asked it—I mean, where is Ernest now?" she said shyly.

"On his way to New Zealand," Maggie answered sadly.

"He sailed last week. I am going out to him very soon."

"All that way?"

"Well, distance isn't much nowadays certainly," Mollie replied.

"Only—can you trust him now, Maggie, after all this?"

Maggie colored, but her eyes looked steadily back into Mollie's questioning face.

"Yes, I can trust him now."

"This will have been a lesson to him, I think, because he knows—I told him—how I got the money."

"Poor Ernest!"

"He was terribly afraid for me, when he knew of the risk I had run," Maggie went on sadly.

"Oh, I am sure he will do well now! And he has some influential friends in New Zealand."

"I hope he will, for your sake; but it seems a terrible risk to run," Mollie said doubtfully.

"Well, good-bye; I will come to-morrow. No, don't call Pierson; I would rather go alone; and it is not dark yet."

With a smile and a nod she turned away, and ran hastily home across the sands, left bare and wet now by the retreating tide, past the fisherman's cottages and the church, up the village street, where the people, standing gossiping at their doors, gave her a kindly good evening.

She paused for a moment in the hall to remove her hat and smooth her untidy hair, and she smiled as she looked at herself.

Could that eager face with its bright eyes and rosy cheeks be the same face which had looked back at her so mournfully an hour ago?

CHAPTER VII.

MOLLIE took a book and sat down in a quiet corner of the drawing-room; but she was too restless and excited to read.

She had written and sent down to the Vicarage an urgent little note, as soon as the school was closed; and she sat pretending to read and listening anxiously for the sound of his footsteps on the gravel walk.

The Vicar was considerbly surprised when he received the urgent summons, and still more surprised when he came up the garden and found Mollie waiting for him in the porch.

She ran forward with a cry of delight as approached.

"I am so glad you have come!"

"Don't go into the house; no one knows I sent for you; and I want to speak to you!" she said incoherently.

"Mysteries of Udolpho, Mollie!" said the Vicar gravely, as he drew her hand within his arm and pulled her shawl more closely round her throat.

"I returned to my peaceful home and found a summons, terrifying in its very vagueness and brevity, awaiting me; and I come here to find you wandering up and down like a ghost! Speak, I beseech you, and explain this dark mystery!"

"Don't talk nonsense, please," Mollie said very quietly, "because I am quite in earnest."

"I am in a difficulty, Mr. Bernhart, and I want you to help me."

Bernhart's jesting tone changed to one as earnest as her own.

"You may be quite sure that I will help you if I can, my child," he answered.

"You can, but I don't know whether you will or not," Mollie said, rather wistfully.

"I want you to lend me some money, Mr. Bernhart."

"Is that all?" and the Vicar looked relieved.

"How much?"

"A great deal—two thousand dollars."

"Ah, I was afraid you would be surprised!"—for Bernhart had exclaimed at the words.

"But I shall have some money of my own when I am twenty-five—twenty or twenty-five thousand dollars, I believe, which aunt Hilda left me; and I will pay you back then."

"Ernest was in a bank in Manchester, earning a very fair salary; but my uncle was taken ill, and I could not leave him, for Daisy was of very little use as a nurse.

"And, till then," Mollie went on, looking steadily into his face, "you will have to trust me."

The Vicar hesitated a moment.

"Am I to know what you do with the money, Mollie?" he asked gravely.

"Not at present."

"You may guess, if you like—I can't help that; but you are not to ask any questions," Mollie answered quickly.

Bernhart was silent a moment.

"Very well," he said at last.

"When do you want it?"

"To-morrow."

"To-morrow!"

"But I don't keep such large sums of money in the house, my child! I don't generally have such a large balance at my banker's. Still, I dare say I can get it for you."

"I will ride into town to-morrow at all events, and try what I can do. Will you have a cheque or notes?"

"Notes, please," Mollie replied.

She gave a sigh of relief and pleasure as she spoke, and her fingers closed tightly round Bernhart's arm.

"How good you are to me! How can I thank you enough?" she cried, in her soft thrilling voice.

They were standing just under the lamp that hung over the hall-door, and the light fell upon Mollie's flushed, excited face and bright eyes. Bernhart felt dangerously sentimental just then, and the red lips looked so tempting and so very near his own, that he could not resist bending his head and tasting their sweetness.

"What would you have done, Mollie, if I had been a poor 'rook' of a curate without a halfpenny to bless myself with?" he whispered tenderly.

"It wouldn't have been of much use coming to me then, would it? What would you have done?"

"I should have come to you all the same. I should have been sure that you would find some way of helping me, and I would rather take it from you than from any one else in the world."

This, or something like it, was what the Vicar in his present sentimental mood expected his lady-love to answer.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Meadow Dance.

BY FRANK Q. SMITH.

NEAR Aschersleben, in Germany, lies a verdant strip of land, known by the name of the Dancing Meadow—a name which the following tradition will serve to illustrate.

Ages ago the blooming daughters of the neighboring burghers were often in the habit of assembling on a summer's evening, when the weather was fine, to enjoy one another's society in this enchanting vale; during which the dance was never forgotten.

Besides, it was a custom for all young brides on the day before their nuptials, to meet here the playmates of their infant years, whose circle they were about to quit for ever, and to join in a parting dance, along with the bordering tenants of the well-known scene.

A party happened to have met on the second evening of these rural ceremonies, previous to a wedding, and were on the point of escorting home their rich and beautiful betrothed, late on a clear moonlight night, with all the mirthful triumph of dancing, innocent gaiety, and song.

Not the whole of the guests, however, were destined to reach their home.

Two of the most beautiful maidens disappeared.

Notwithstanding the most active exertions on the part of their friends and relatives, no trace of them could be discovered; their seats remained that night vacant in the domestic circle, and within a few hours all was confusion; no less among the parents than in the surrounding abodes.

Many weeping eyes were kept awake; their lovers swore the deadliest revenge; for they found reason to suspect that under the veil of night a grievous wrong had been premeditated, and perhaps accomplished, which left them nothing but the hope of revenge.

And in part their fears were well grounded.

Some domestics in the service of the chief of Arustein, becoming acquainted with the hour of the intended festival, had the audacity, for the purpose of amusing themselves and indulging their master's propensities, to lie concealed in an adjacent thicket.

Under cover of the night, they succeeded in seizing upon two of the dancers, who happening to stray from their companions, had approached nearest to them, and they were instantly conveyed, amid shouts of surrounding revelry and rejoicings, unheard, into the neighboring Hartz mountains, until a fit time should occur to convey them them to their ultimate destination in Raubberg.

Scarcely had the sun streaked the horizon on the following morning, when a number of the citizens, whose anxiety had kept them awake, were seen assembled before their doors, in order to advise with the suffering parents on the best measures to be adopted.

Soon they learned that a secret messenger who had been despatched upon some private affair, and was returning, ere daybreak, over the mountains, had heard sufficient to prove the forcible abduction of the young women, although he had lost the track of the robbers among the hills.

There was reason, however, to conclude that they must reside somewhere upon the Arustein.

Their haunts were still a secret.

The magistrate, upon this being made acquainted with the facts, instantly solicited a meeting of the relatives of the abducted parties, along with all the elders of the place, while they attempted in the meantime to preserve calmness and moderation in the minds of the incensed citizens.

The chief part of the assembly were for instantly arming the whole of the inhabitants capable of bearing arms, in order, if possible, to surprise and destroy the hated and notorious castle of Arustein, which, they said, ought long since to have been levelled with the ground.

But, besides the uncertainty of the information received, it was justly remarked by the magistrates who presided, that it would require months of open and decided hostility to capture so powerful and well-provisioned a castle as that of Raubberg, whence the formidable enemy made his depredations.

Moreover, the present case called for instant redress.

At length, after a long and stormy discussion of the most efficacious means for obtaining it, during which the heads of the more bold and indignant had leisure to grow cooler, it was greed to adopt the last suggestion of the oldest magistrates, who explained to the council the superior opinion he entertained of a ruse de guerre, by which he trusted that the freedom of the abducted party would be more speedily accomplished.

In the first place every one must return quickly back to his own house, concealing his feelings of indignation and revenge, as well as he could.

Then, just as if nothing extraordinary occurred at the late festival—as if the absence of none of the party had been noticed or that their return was quietly expected, another nuptial evening should be as soon as possible announced, with even more bustle and splendor than the former; all their neighbors to be invited to the dance, and information sent by trusty messengers to the adjacent villages around.

Accordingly, these same tidings reached the ears of the lord of Arustein, who, on receiving an invitation along with his knights and esquires, loudly ridiculed the stupidity of the poor citizens, who thus actually threw their daughters in his way.

Then, amidst oaths and laughter, a still more extended incursion than the former was determined upon, the whole of the party present declaring that they would, this time, each and every one size on his individual prey, after the close of the dance.

About twilight on the appointed day, the meadow was seen covered with beautiful groups of dancers; yet, with all this, no virgins this day trod the scene—they were safe in their parental mansions.

It was the stout citizens, and next to them their eldest boys, who were arrayed in women's attire, with newly sharpened weapons concealed under their clothes, all intent upon avenging the honor of their daughters—their sisters, or their betrothed, and for ever in future to secure it.

They began the dance with sounds of revelry and mirth, yet somewhat subdued to tones of womanhood, while their hearts throbbed for vengeance, until the approach of midnight, when their trusty scouts brought word of the yet near and nearer advance of the lord of Arustein, approaching softly toward the spot.

Now the dancing party seems to break up—concluding with the old national figures, and singing, and apparently drawing homewards.

But, behold! the next moment the chief of Arustein burst into the midst of them, followed by his knights and pages, on horseback and on foot, all eager to join in the pursuit, of which they vainly hoped that their former depredation was only a poor specimen.

They let him advance; and the chief no sooner found himself in the midst of the dancers, than he threw himself from his steed in order to enjoy the pleasure and applause of bearing off the intended bride with his own hands.

But what was the feeling he experienced, when, as with a thundering voice and a laugh of joy he claimed the bride for himself, the bright steel flashed in his eyes, and smote his outstretched arm, before he could draw it back, quite through and through.

Smarting with pain and uttering of revenge, he started back to regain his steed.

But ten strong arms were about him; he felt himself pinioned hand and foot and neck, as if chains of iron girt him round. Some of the knights and pages who hastened with threats to his assistance, were, after a short struggle, overpowered and secured; most of them, however, escaped, with cries of terror and surprise, and wounded with sabres or with stones.

The chief culprit, however, was carried with shouts of triumph into the city.

There the lord of Arustein was thrown forthwith into a large, solitary dungeon, and there he confessed, on beholding the preparations for his approaching execution, the deeds he had perpetrated and farther intended to accomplish.

The young ladies were, at his own command, immediately delivered to their friends; in consequence of which, after paying a heavy penalty and taking a memorable oath never to commit any offence against the city or its inhabitants, he was released from his terrific chains. But these chains, in which he for months languished, are still preserved, are now to be seen in the town-house at Aschersleben—a lasting monument of the skill and foresight of the old times, and were worthy of the admiration of future generations.

Scientific and Useful.

RINGWORM.—The following is said to be a sure cure for ringworm: Thymol, 1 to 2 parts; chloroform, 8 parts; olive oil, 24 parts; mix. The thymol destroys the fungus, the oil prevents irritation and rapid evaporation, while the chloroform facilitates the absorption of the active ingredient by acting on the sebaceous glands.

HARDENING STEEL.—To harden steel, take two teaspoonfuls of water, one teaspoonful of flour, and one of salt. Heat the steel enough to coat it with the paste by immersing it in the composition, after which heat it to a cherry red and plunge it into soft water. If properly done, the steel will come out with a beautiful white surface.

PATENT SPOON.—A Newark, New Jersey, lady has recently obtained letters patent for a spoon that may be used by invalids and children without spilling its contents. The improvement consists of an attachment to the edge of the larger portion of the bowl of an ordinary spoon, and is highest opposite the handle and tapered each way toward the end of the spoon. The lip may be made outwardly similar in form to a section of an inverted spoon-bowl. This spoon will prove of great convenience for those who have the care of children or persons that are sick.

CONFECTIONERY.—All confectionery is dangerously adulterated, the chief substances detected being gamboge, lead, copper, mercury, and chromate of lead. In sugar almonds, lozenges, and other common confectionery, poisonous colors are often employed to a dangerous extent. A pale or deep pink color seems the least to be dreaded, because it is almost invariably given by cochineal. The most dangerous colors are yellow and orange. The danger arising from the use of colored sweetmeats may be avoided by a prohibition on the part of parents of every painted or colored substance made in sugar; but even then their children may not be safe. While sweetmeats are largely adulterated with chalk, pipe-clay, plaster-of-Paris, starch, and though these substances are not poisonous, the effect on delicate children is not beneficial. Such dangers are obviated in Europe by the care of Government.

Farm and Garden.

CIDER AND BEETS.—It is said that one bushel of beets added to nine bushels of apples make cider richer and of superior flavor to that which is made from apples alone.

BONES.—A pound of bones contains as much phosphoric acid as one hundred pounds of wheat. On many farms there are bones enough wasted to supply phosphoric acid for all the wheat consumed.

SHEEP.—The sheep is a close grazer, and even prefers short pastures. It is scrupulously clean, though not very select in the choice of the herbage on which it feeds. Wool, being a highly nitrogenous substance, requires a larger supply of albumoid food for sheep than other ruminants demand. Wool being the chief profit of sheep farming, it will be economy to feed oats or oil-cake pretty freely to secure a liberal growth of this staple.

NATURAL ELEMENTS.—Barnyard manure is the natural form in which the food elements of a crop should return to a soil. It contains the potash, phosphoric acid and compounds of nitrogen so essential to the growth of a crop, and by putting on manure there is an addition of that which was subtracted by the crop from which the manure was made. The crop may be fed to farm stock, and a part of the plant food elements attained by the animals, but a large per cent. of the essentials pass them, and are all the better fitted to act quickly when returned to the soil. Manure is put on the soil to enrich it; this is because the manure contains plant food. Barnyard manure is a source of all the necessary sorts of plant food; therefore it is a complete manure. Superphosphates, potash salts, nitrate of soda, etc., are special manures, and contain only a part of the essential food elements. Crops require food, and if the soil is not already rich enough, it should be fed, because it does not pay to grow a starved crop.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-SECOND YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 30, 1892.

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"HER MOTHER'S CRIME."

In this issue of THE POST we begin a new story, by the author of "A Black Veil" and other popular serials, which we can commend as equalling them in every point of romantic interest. Nothing which comes from the pen of this gifted writer is without the highest quality of the best fiction. And we think, on perusing her latest production, our readers will agree with us in pronouncing it worthy of a place among her finest works.

THE DAWN'S LESSON.

How tranquil is the air, and how mild its temperature! It is morning; and a morning sweet, fresh and delightful. Everybody knows the morning in its metaphorical sense, applied to so many objects, and on so many occasions. The health, strength and beauty of early years lead us to call that period the "morning of life." But the morning itself, few people, inhabitants of cities, know anything about.

Their idea of it is, that it is that part of the day which ushers in a cup of tea and a piece of toast. With them morning is not a new issuing of light; a new bursting forth of the sun; a new waking up of all that has life from a sort of temporary death, to behold again the works of the Creator—the heavens and the earth; it is only a part of the domestic day belonging to breakfast, to reading the newspapers, to sending the children to school, and giving orders for dinner.

The first streak of light, the earliest purpling of the East, which the lark springs up to greet, and the deeper coloring into orange and red, till at length the "glorious sun is seen, regent of day;" this they never enjoy, for they never see it.

Beautiful descriptions of the morning abound in all languages; but they are the strongest, perhaps, in those of the East, where the sun is often an object of worship. King David spoke of taking to himself the "wings of the morning." This is highly poetical and beautiful. The wings of the morning are the beams of the rising sun. Rays of light are wings. It is thus said that the sun of righteousness shall arise, "with healings in his wings"—a rising sun which shall scatter life, health and joy throughout the universe.

Milton has fine descriptions of morning; but not so many as Shakspeare, from whose writings pages of the most beautiful imagery, all founded on the glory of the morning, might be filled.

We love the dawn of morning, fresh and sweet as it is. And what is its lesson? A daily new creation, breaking forth thus, calls all that have life, and breath, and being to new adoration, new enjoyments, and new gratitude.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE latest discovery is coal-tar sugar. Its advantage lies in its superior sweetness.

—

THE Supreme Court of Nebraska has ruled that a not transferable railroad ticket, if sold to a third party, cannot be seized by a conductor on the ground of breach of contract, the holder being entitled to possession in order that he may recover the amount paid for it from the vender.

—

POISON of any kind swallowed will be at once thrown from the stomach by drinking half a glass of warm water in which a teaspoonful of ground mustard has been stirred. As soon as vomiting ceases, drink a cup of strong coffee in which has been put the white of an egg. This neutralizes any remains of the poison which the mustard may have left.

—

THE bicycle convention in New York has called attention to the fact that tailors favor the re-introduction of knee-breeches. "It's bound to come," said one tailor. "I tell you the long-legged trouser business has had its day;" they will bag at the knees, he says, and not one man in ten has a foot on which trousers will fall and bend gracefully.

—

A NOVELTY has been introduced at the afternoon teas in London. The cakes and other dinner-spoiling abominations are seldom partaken of by guests who care about the appearance of their gloves. A lady who receives a good deal has introduced a silver cake-lifter, something like a pair of old-fashioned sugar-tongs, but shorter, and with broad, flat ends. Until one gets used to it, it looks decidedly odd to see a piece of cake carried to the mouth with tongs.

—

DUSTING is a perfect mania in Germany; a room is dusted two or three times a day, even where no particle of dust can be seen, and the German housewife prides herself on her exactness, or "accuracy," as they call it there, in all her household duties. Every housemaid is provided with a collection of little brushes—long, short, round, flat, etc.—that she may, every day, brush out every crack and crevice in the furniture.

—

THE distribution of the medals for the late English operations in Egypt is now completed. The number of medals issued has been 44,000, and the whole amount a ton and a half of silver. Not only has every officer and man engaged in Egypt received his medal, but the same honor has been bestowed upon the captains of all the merchant ships employed as transports during the prevalence of hostilities; and many others who assisted during the campaign, though not actually belonging to the service, have been in like manner rewarded.

—

A ST. LOUIS burglar made a clean sweep of all the valuable presents given to the newly-married scions of a couple of upper-ten houses. After all the pawnbrokers in the city had refused to advance him anything on the lot, he sat down and wrote the bridegroom a very insulting letter, charging him with fraud in palming off a lot of pot-metal ware on an innocent burglar. He wound up by saying the glittering junk could be found under a certain wood-pile on a certain lot, and hoping that he would have a little better luck at his silver and golden weddings.

—

LONDON will soon have a population equal to that of ancient Rome, which is by some historians put at 4,000,000, and by others at 5,000,000. According to the last census, the population in 1871 was 3,254,260; it has now risen to 3,816,483, including 1,797,480 males, and 2,018,997 females, thus giving a net increase of 562,223 persons. What will the surplus women do for husbands? Die old maids? That is a gloomy future. In New York also, and perhaps in this city, the females outnumber the males. It is sad, but there is a consolation in the fact that some of them will escape very mean husbands.

—

THE manufacture of artificial feathers gives employment to more than 3,000 women; 4,000 are engaged in book-binding, at which only 5,000 men are employed; 35,000 do work in shoe factories; 80,000 manufacture men's clothes, professionally, in addition to the millions who do this kind of work at their own homes. It is somewhat surprising that more women are engaged in making men's clothes for the market than in making women's clothes, the latter being only 22,000 in the United States; 2,000 women—and surely it is very proper—get a living by making confectionery; 1,400 make twine, and 7,000 are engaged in making corsets. The census shows that 217 make fireworks and explosives, and twenty make gunpowder.

—

SPEAKING of the letters received by the eminent Washington banker, a correspondent writes: "For instance, a lady entirely unknown to Mr. Corcoran writes a long letter, in which she states that her husband is worth $50,000, and is doing a very large and prosperous business. The writer, however, desires to be independent of her husband, and asks Mr. Corcoran to send her money so that she may live on the interest. The letter is well written, and closes with an urgent invitation to Mr. Corcoran to come and make her a visit at her home in New England, to see her garden and enjoy the fruits and flowers. The writer was evidently well-to-do in this world, and refined and educated, yet, amid her prosperity, she had one ambition which was not satisfied, and that was to have a bank account of her own. In this particular she is not, perhaps, an isolated example, but the course of reasoning which led her to think that an entire stranger would help her, is entirely unique. 'I want a barrel of mess pork, and I want you to send it to me,' was the laconic but peremptory letter received from a man in one of the Southern States. Mr. Corcoran, amused by this strange request, sent the pork as requested. What was the result? He was rewarded by receiving a request for 'another barrel.'"

—

A MEDICAL writer in a leading English paper says that the ignorance of most people of nursing and medical treatment, even of the simplest kind, is profound. He writes: "I remember being called some years ago to an Israelite who had fainted, and whom I found surrounded by a score of friends, the outer circle howling, and the inner endeavoring to cram teaspoonfuls of jam into his mouth. I remember educated people sorrowing because their relative—down with typhoid fever—could not eat mutton chop. I remember cases of measles and chicken-pox sent to school in cold and wretched weather. I remember patients lost whom nursing would have saved; and many saved by nursing alone. And, remembering these, remembering a host of cases similar or worse than those recorded, of ignorance, foolishness, and recklessness, multiplying incredibly the misery and wretchedness in a world so burdened with them already, I cry: Who will make himself or herself a blessing to overworked and aggravated doctors by teaching people common sense and nursing sense, and the importance of things they deem trifling, but which are more potent in the saving of life than all the pills and plasters of a brilliant pharmacopœia."

—

THE scarlet coat of the English army will in a few years be a tradition. One by one the leading nations have abolished the gay colors with which they have been wont to deck their soldiers on the battlefield. The sharpshooter, with his deadly weapon which kills at so wide a range, has forced the military authorities to change the uniforms so that they will not be a mark for the repeating rifle. After careful tests, it has been found that a certain shade of gray—a bluish, gray, in fact—is almost indistinguishable at a distance when worn by masses of men. Should the great war so often predicted break out in Europe, it will puzzle the commanding generals to distinguish their own soldiers from those of the enemy, for all the nations have adopted what is practically the same uniform. In France they have also abolished the drum corps, and all that was attractive about war is fast disappearing. Fighting has become a matter of machinery and engineering. Before the invention of firearms, the contests were hand to hand, the weapons were swords and spears. Hence, the passions of men were roused when they came in sight of each other. But in modern warfare the soldier fights with a distant, and often an unseen enemy, and it rather a matter of endurance than passion.

—

THE newest ideas in etiquette say that wedding and engagement rings are both worn on the same finger—third of the left hand—the latter serving as guard to the former when both are in place. The bride does not give the groom a wedding-ring. She gives him a seal ring, a cat's-eye, or a broad gold ring with gems sunken in it. No bride should wear at a wedding anything that has been worn before, unless it be some trifle to conform with the superstition that a bride, for luck's sake, should wear something old and something new, something borrowed and something blue. When asked to dance, a lady need only bow in accepting the invitation. There is no necessity to return thanks either before or after the dance; your partner will thank you. It is "bad form" for a lady to thank a gentleman who invites her to dance, drive, row or walk with him. It is always presumed that he is the obliged party, and that she graciously confers a favor. There is no law of etiquette as to which side of a woman a man walks in the street. He allows circumstances to determine on which side will be most agreeable and safe for her. Nor does he keep changing at the street corners. A man raises his hat to the woman to whom his friend bows. That is the acknowledged etiquette of the polite world everywhere. A woman's one bow, if gracious, will do for several acquaintances whom she may meet at once. Smile and glance at all as you do so.

THE BABY.

O, this is the way the baby came:
  Out of the night as comes the dawn;
Out of the embers as the flame;
  Out of the bud the blossom on
The apple bough that blooms the same
  As in glad summers dead and gone—
With a grace and beauty none could name,
O, this is the way the baby came.

And this is the way the baby 'woke;
  As when in deepest drops of dew
The shine and shadows sink and soak,
  The sweet eyes glimmered through and through,
And eddyings and dimples broke
  About the lips, and no one knew
Or could divine the words they spoke,
And this is the way the baby 'woke.

And this is the way the baby slept:
  A mist of tresses backward thrown
By quivering sighs where kisses crept
  With yearnings she had never known,
The little hands were closely kept
  About a lily newly blown—
And God was with her. And we wept—
And this is the way the baby slept.

A Little Kitten.

BY FRANK Q. SMITH.

MY name is Peter Pipkin, and I feel that I must tell my story before I die.

Yet a year ago I was so happy.

We were married—Ann Elizabeth and I—and we had returned home, and were holding innocent revelry in the small dining-room, where Ann Elizabeth's mother, her aunt Cornelia, two Miss Binghams, sister-in-law Selina, and Mr. and Mrs. Gimp, to say nothing of Mr. and Mrs. Podgers, had assembled to welcome us.

We were talking about our new home, I remember, and Ann Elizabeth uttered the following observation—

"I wish I had a dear little kitten; it would be such company for me when Peter had gone to the city.

I noticed then how eagerly everyone acquiesced in the opinion.

But I little thought what would come of the innocent remark.

That evening Ann Elizabeth and myself slept quietly.

But at early dawn a loud, impatient ring aroused me from my slumbers.

Nothing but a telegram could arrive at that hour, I thought.

And attired in a drapery of counterpane, I hastened to the door.

A man stood on the steps with a basket.

"For Mrs. Pipkin—from her 'ma,'" said he, in a loud, imperative tone, and then held out his hand.

"Anything your honor pleases," he said, "for it's a cowld mornin'."

I gave him a coin, and carried the basket upstairs.

Ann Elizabeth had the cover off in an instant, and in a moment uttered the seemingly insane words—

"A 'ittle b'essin'!"

"What?" I cried, in horror.

"A kitten, Peter," said my wife. "How thoughtful of mamma!"

"Very," I said.

"Only she might have waited until daylight."

"Oh, Peter," said my wife, reproachfully.

"It's such a beauty—white, with a black spot on its nose—a perfect little angel!"

I could not imagine an angel with a black spot on its nose, but I said nothing.

I cannot say that the fact that the kitten mewed continually, doubtless because of missing its maternal parent, and that it would crawl over the tablecloth and lick the butter, added to my enjoyment of my breakfast.

But I said, kindly, as I put on my overcoat—

"Annie, my dear, you will have company this morning.

"You will not be lonely."

The words were hardly out of my mouth, when the bell rang once more, and a young woman with a basket was admitted.

"Please, sir," said this young person, struggling violently with the basket-cover, "Mrs. Gimp's compliments."

As she spoke, the cover flew off, and a vindictive young cat, coal-black, with horrible claws and green eyes, tumbled out on the floor.

"It's a present for Mrs. Pipkin," said the young woman, and rushed away.

"Another present for you, my dear," said I, "from Mrs. Gimp."

"How kind!" said my wife. "Come here, Kitty!"

But Kitty, instead of going there, made straight for the first kitten, and pounced upon it with the evident intention of tearing its eyes out on the spot.

My wife screamed.

I flew to the rescue.

The carpet was covered with bits of fur and my hands were scratches before I effected my purpose.

"What a cross kitten!" said my wife. "I think it's a great shame!

"I'd send it back if it wasn't for hurting Mrs. Gimp's feelings. Poor kitty is almost killed!"

I pulled my gloves over my unnoticed scratches, and went my way in high dudgeon.

However, I forgave my wife before evening, and entered the door of my cosy home with the most amiable countenance.

My wife met me with a very serious face.

"Dear," she said, plaintively, "Sister Selina and Cousin Maria have each sent us a kitten."

"What!" said I, in horror.

"Two more?"

"Oh, Peter, if you really cared for me, you'd be glad my friends loved me so much," said Ann Elizabeth, beginning to weep.

"So I am, my dear," I said; "but four kittens!"

That night I passed in attending to the kittens.

Morning dawned while I was still occupied with these horrible domestic animals.

A week of torture such as I cannot describe passed over our heads. Another followed.

At the expiration of that time we began to hope that our efforts had succeeded, and that the four-footed members of our establishment were becoming more docile and obedient.

Alas! our equanimity was of short duration:

One day, as I sat at my desk in my office, a man entered.

He had a box in his arms—a long, singular box, marked, "This side up with care.

"Not to be shaken."

The man demanded a sum of money, received it, offered a book for my signature, and departed.

When he was gone I examined the box, wondering what it could contain.

I had relations in the country; and as I am of a sanguine disposition, I confidently expected that it was a present from some of them—for instance, a set of silver from my aunt Tunkins, who had promised me one "whenever I married," and had not yet kept her word.

I kept the box in my office all day, and became so sure of the fact, that it was the silver, that I walked in the house that evening with the box under my arm, and the words—

"A present from aunt Toupkins," on my lips.

"What is it, dear?" inquired Ann Elizabeth.

"The silver, I suppose," said I.

"Wait.

"Here is a card tacked to the box: I did not notice it before.

"It is addressed to you, love."

"Oh, how kind!" cried my wife; and began to read:—

"'My dear Mrs. Pipkin—may I say dear niece?—You will receive with this a small gift, which, though of slight intrinsic value, I know you will regard kindly as the gift of an old relative of your husband's, who wishes you well in your new relation in life and every other you may be called upon to fill.——"

"How like aunt Tompkins!" I said.

"'—They have been in our family some time, and we are fond of them; but we have others; and I shall be pleased to know they are with one who will use them tenderly.——"

"The spoons are very old!" said I.

"'—They match exactly.——"

"She always told me about the two tureens," said I.

"'In fact, dear Miss Pipkin, I would part with them to no one else. My dear love to Pet.

"'Yours,
"'PENELOPE TOMPKINS.'

"How very good of the dear old lady!" I exclaimed, pulling the nails from the box.

"Now, my dear!"

"Oh!" shrieked my wife, faintly.

She was pointing at the box, from which, from beneath a small covering of cotton batting, now emerged a fiendish-looking head: another and another—in fact, in five minutes, with many mews and screeches, spitting, clawing and scratching, five large Maltese kittens had tumbled out of the box and were sprawling on the floor.

Misfortunes never come singly.

That evening a gentleman in a white neckcloth called upon us.

I recognized him as a young clergyman who was paying attention to my sister-in-law, Amelia; and a new hope arose within my soul.

I knew that he was going to Africa upon a mission, and I fancied I might persuade him to take my assorted lot of kittens with him, perhaps to his advantage; for such things have been heard of.

There was Whittington, and he had but one cat.

However, before I could broach the subject, my future connection plunged his hand into his pocket, which seemed unusually full of something—sermons, perhaps, I thought—and remarked—

"My dear Mr. Pipkin, during the delightful evening I spent here a week ago with Miss Amelia, your wife made one remark which impressed itself profoundly upon my soul.

"You may have forgotten it, perhaps?"

I bowed, and waited for more.

"She said," continued the young pastor, mildly—"she said, 'Oh, I wish I had a little kitten.'

"The words sunk into memory; they were so innocent and lovely.

"To-day, while visiting a poor widow who is in great destitution, and to whom I carried a few tracts and a copy of a chromo of little Samuel, I found upon the stairs a starving kitten greatly in need of a good home.

"It seemed quite providential.

"I have brought it with me as a lowly offering to Mrs. Pipkin, whose yearning for something to love and cherish touched me so deeply."

And from his pocket the Rev. Mr. Smith drew the smallest, dirtiest white kitten ever seen, and laid the soiled animal tenderly in my wife's lap.

Enough!

I could go on much longer, but I drop the curtain.

A year has passed since that awful moment.

Our kittens have grown into full-sized cats.

They rule our house.

We have tried to turn them out, but they come in through the windows and down the chimneys.

We have sent them away to be drowned; they return dripping.

They have at least twenty lives.

They steal our dinners, kill our neighbors' birds, and serenade us from the palings without and the bannisters within all night.

We cannot move until our lease is up, but, thank Heaven! that hour is approaching.

P. S.—While I write they are fighting all about me.

P. P. S.—I have thrown the white cat out of the window for upsetting the inkstand, and she has alighted upon the bonnet of my mother-in-law, who has just come to pay us a visit. I must fly.

The Lovers Leap.

BY PERCY VERE.

MANY years ago, during the reign of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, a noble gentleman, Count Antonio Fregoso, was governor of the city of Verona, in Italy.

The count was a widower, with one daughter, whom he passionately loved, and so entirely trusted, that, yet a girl of seventeen, she enjoyed the most perfect liberty and control over her own actions.

She was beautiful, with dark full eyes and fair cheeks, which yet glowed with the roseate hue of health and happiness.

Single offspring of the rich Fregoso, she had many lovers, and among them there was none whom she esteemed as truly loving her, but she rather suspected the whole crowd to be moved only by the desire of possessing the richest heiress of Italy.

Such ideas endowed her with a strange mixture of pride and humility; she disdained a mercenary band, who paid the lowly services of love for the sake of her wealth and rank; and she felt that her heart contained a treasure of affection, unexpended yet, but which she would gladly bestow on one, of whose disinterested love she could feel secure.

While she haughtily turned away from her many suitors, she was humbled in her own eyes by the belief that her individual merit had failed to attract one truly loving heart.

A young French knight had lately been added to her train of admirers.

The Chevalier Montreville was a noble but impoverished family, and beholding the object of his affectionate idolatry surrounded and vainly courted by the most distinguished nobles of her native land, he shrunk into himself, fearing to share the disdain which he found to be the portion of all who spoke to Ippolita in the language of love.

The proud girl, yet unaware of the cause, marked his appearance in her *cortege* with pleasure, and she watched his movements with something like anxiety.

His clear blue eyes seemed incapable of expressing anything but truth; his voice had persuasion in its tone: how was it that voice alone had never expressed love for her?

This question was too soon answered.

A moonlight festival—a momentary division from all others—an unwonted gentleness in the lovely Italian's manners made Montreville forget his prudence and his fears.

A word—a pressure of the hands—how were they answered?

Ippolita had respected his silence—she replied contemptuously; nay, the unexplained internal conflict of her feelings made her answer him even angrily.

She commanded his absence, and his future silence on so displeasing and barren a subject.

Some weeks after, Ippolita and many of her companions of either sex were riding on the bridge of the Adige.

Montreville was there; he had not dared to infringe the orders of his lady, nor urge again his suit; yet he did not despair.

Nay, in spite of his disappointment, he felt sustained by his own integrity, and showed no sign of depression.

"He fancies that he loves me," thought Ippolita.

"No; I am wrong; he does not even imagine such a sentiment; his conduct is dictated by the basest motives, and he has not the art of even casting a veil over them."

She turned her eyes contemptuously on him—yet could any vile feeling lurk in so frank a countenance!

She felt the blood glow in her cheek.

How could she prove to herself whether the love he pretended were true or feigned?

The conversation turned on the subject of love.

Many of her suitors spoke with enthusiasm on the subject, wishing to gain thus the confidence of Ippolita; but she turned all their highflown expressions into ridicule, and with unaccustomed bitterness forgot her usual courtesy in her tauntings.

Montreville listened silently.

Impatient of this show of coldness, she turned suddenly towards him, asking: "And what does our French visitant say to our Italian eloquence? 'Words, and not deeds,' is a lover's motto—think you not so, Chevalier?"

Montreville's countenance lighted up with a glow of pleasure at this address.

"Since, Madam," he replied, "you deign to permit me to speak on the subject of love, I shall not, I trust, be found a worse pleader than these gentlemen in its sacred cause."

Then he entered on a description and a defence of the passion, so glowing, so fervent, and so sincere, that while his bright eyes flashed fire, and his cheek burnt with enthusiasm, the lids of Ippolita's dark orbs half veiled them, and the blush of confusion stained her cheek.

He had described the adoration of the lover for his mistress; he descanted on his tenderness; then he spoke of his devotion—his readiness to sacrifice his life for her smile.

Towards the end of his harangue, Ippolita somewhat recovered herself; and when he paused, as if concluding, she turned to him, with a smile of mockery, saying: "Fine expressions these, Chevalier! and they the more confirm my saying, 'Words, not deeds.' For my part, I never saw any of these furious, fire-eating lovers who really ever burned and were consumed. Sigh they may, and lament, and strive to weep; but when a test is made, the fire goes out, and,—oh, miracle—the fuel remains unconsumed."

"Madam," replied Montreville, "that I love you, I have confessed, and you have not deigned to believe me, nor will you open your eyes to the burning affection that consumes me."

"If for a moment you could become aware of the feelings that devour me, your goodness would lead you to pity me."

"Since by your permission I now speak, may I not say that a fire possesses my heart, which not all the waters of the Adige that flows beneath this bridge could even allay, far less extinguish."

"Nay, the trial has not yet been made," said the proud girl, with a scornful laugh, piqued at being thus challenged to believe and acknowledge her belief in a passion whose existance she denied.

"The time is opportune," she continued; "the waters flow cold at your lay feet, yet not colder than your heart; will you not prove their power over it?"

It was nearly at the end of the month of October; the change of season was already severely felt, and the north wind that blew added to the cold.

When the lover heard this proud and cruel girl invite him to throw himself into the water, hurried away by youthful and rash passion, and blinded by his ardent desire to prove his truth, he replied fervently, "Most ready am I to obey you—most happy to find a way of proving my sincerity."

Then without pause, dashing his spurs into his horse's sides, he forced the noble barb he rode to leap from the bridge into the swift and foaming river.

The Adige is very deep, and rapid, and difficult of navigation, especially near the bridges, on account of gulfs and whirlpools; and now, in consequence of recent rains, it was swollen and tempestuous.

The horse borne down by the burthen of his rider, sank at once to the bottom; then, like a ball which rebounds from the ground on which it has been flung, he rose again to the surface, with the youth still in the saddle.

Then he began, with pant and strain, to breast the water transversely towards the shore, guided by Montreville; and gaining somewhat on the current he drew near the banks.

The youth, who still kept his seat, turned his head towards his proud mistress.

"Behold, lady of my heart," he cried with a loud voice, "behold, I am in the midst of the waters! yet, bathed as I am by their icy waves, I feel no cold; and feeling them all around me, they in no way allay the fever of my love; but the rather my true heart burns with a purer and steadier flame in despite of their chilling influence."

His companions, who were still on the bridge, remained astonished; and overcome by the sight presented to them by the courageous and unmounted Montreville, they stood as if senseless, speechless, wonder-stricken.

The youth, who gazed more intently on the youthful Ippolita than on the course of his horse, reached the banks of the river, but in a place where a high wall was immediately at the edge, so that he was unable to land.

He was, therefore, obliged to direct his course towards a spot where the sloping bank promised a safe exit from the river.

Desiring to turn his horse with the rein, spurring him at the same time, the water striking his sides violently as he turned, and rushing between his legs, threw him over; so that the ardent Montreville, notwithstanding all his exertions, lost his stirrups and his seat; but still keeping hold of the rein, and thus leading his horse, he came again to the surface of the water.

At this frightful and pitiable spectacle all the persons assembled on the bridge and on the banks, began to cry for help.

Still Montreville did not lose his presence of mind; so, instantly loosening and casting from him his cloak, he quitted his horse's rein, leaving him to guide himself instinctively to a place of safety.

He was now prepared for swimming; and though his dress was cumbrous, and his heavy sword was belted to his side, yet he strove gallantly with his watery enemy.

There were no boats near, nor was there any person who would risk his life by endeavoring to aid him; but all who beheld him assisted only by their cries.

The women, weeping and trembling with fear, stood overcome by terror, watching

the result of this rash and perilous enterprise.

The proud Ippolita, who, before, had never given credit to the existence of so true a passion, softened by so horrible and fearful an event as this seemed likely to be, and deeply compassionating her hapless lover, cried aloud for help, and passionately entreated the standers-by to go to his assistance; but no one dared to make an attempt to save him, which would have put their own lives in similar peril.

Montreville was an excellent swimmer, and had been accustomed to such hardy and dangerous pastime; so that when he saw his dear mistress weeping bitterly, and demonstrating by her manner her fears on his account, he felt himself sweetly rewarded for all he had risked; and such delight filled his heart, that his strength seemed to increase with his joy, and the idea of danger was entirely forgotten.

So, swimming with undaunted heart, and dexterously cutting through the opposing waves, each moment he gained on his enemy, and approached a feasible landing-place; and though impeded by his heavy garments, and weighed down by his sword, yet he contrived to cast from him the waters, and so to conquer their power, that he reached the sloping bank, and, getting on land, hastened in safety towards the spot where Ippolita and her companions were.

His horse, following in his master's wake, also gained the landing-place, and was led away by the chevalier's servants.

Love and truth the while achieved a complete victorp.

Ippolita felt her whole heart dissolve in pity and compassion for her lover, so that to have saved him from the waves she would most willingly have put her own life in similar peril; but, knowing no means whereby to assist him, she called aloud for help, weeping the while, and frantically wringing her hands.

When the gallant Frenchman had landed, wet as he was, he respectfully approached the lovely girl, saying, "I am returned, dearest lady. Behold my heart, still burning with love and devotion for thee, as it will continue to do, even till death!"

Ippolita was surrounded by the flower of the Italian nobility; she stood bright in loveliness, power and youth; but pride was extinguished in her bosom.

Thus, as Montreville stood, the water dripping from his garments, his cheek, which had glowed with enthusiasm, now became ashy pale from his violent exertions. Then, as he humbly and gently presented himself before her, Ippolita cast herself into his arms, exclaiming,—"Love, you have conquered! Montreville—I am yours for ever!"

Astrea's Choice.

BY JENNIE C. LONG.

THERE was a little tired look about Mr. Thurlow's face as he closed the college gate and walked leisurely homeward.

It was Friday evening, and until Monday morning he was free.

He was only the president of Bothwell College.

"Dry old pedagogue" some people called him.

For him, life's summer with its golden glow had faded into autumn's sober rays.

The young and the gay, in the hey-day of life's spring, thought him old and uninteresting; but there were others who could appreciate his brilliant intellect, who understood the worth of the mental treasures that his capacity for great and never wearying thought had accumulated through long years of study.

It was a balmy evening in June.

Mr. Thurlow soon passed through the antiquated village, and came to the far reaching common all over-grown with low shrubby weeds bearing gorgeous yellow flowers.

The sun was shining, and a gentle breeze blowing caused it all to look like one vast, undulating sea of gold.

His little cottage home lay a mile beyond the village, the distance making a pleasant walk.

Soon after crossing the common, he came to a gate leading to a vine-wreathed cottage.

As he lifted the latch and went in, he thought of Ingelow's Cottage:

"With her head beneath her wing,
A little wren was sleeping,
On the myrtle bough that with easy swing
Across the path was sweeping."

As he mounted the top step of the verandah, a young lady came up the hall to meet him.

She was a glad-eyed little woman with the "red rose of youth" blooming on cheek and lip.

Mr. Thurlow had known her many years.

In the rudimental days, when her studies became too abtruse for her childish comprehension, she had always gone to him for help.

Even after she had been promoted to the dignity of long, dresses, when restless intellect had soared to dizzier heights, she still went to him for solutions of metaphysical problems presented by recondite authors.

There was jesting reproach in her voice as she spoke to him.

"To what source must I attribute the honor of your visit.

"You did not come to see me, I'm sure; for of late, you seem to forget that I, too, am one of the little seeds with which the world is sown."

She led him to the end of the hall, and offered him a light rocker that was placed just above the low steps which led to the back yard.

The doorway was framed with climbing roses, the flowers of which filled the air with fragrance.

The young lady had evidently been reading, for a magazine of light literature was lying on the floor.

"Take the rocker," she said; "I will resume my humble step-seat."

"With your permission I will share it, and, as the children say, 'play' I'm a boy again."

They both sit down upon the steps, and the rose-vines framed a picture of September and May.

"I suppose you don't often sit on the steps," said Astrea, smiling.

"No, though I think it is very nice to do so.

"I called to bring you the sketches which I promised you several weeks ago."

He handed her a portfolio filled with Syrian sketches.

"Oh, thank you!

"What a great pleasure you have given me!"

She wore a cream-colored organdy dress with fragrant-hearted roses of the same shade at her throat and in her hair.

"I see you are at your best. Perhaps you are expecting company?"

"Yes," she replied, looking up at him; "Mr. Deane promised to call this evening.

"You know he has just returned from Europe.

"He is almost a stranger even among old friends."

Mr. Thurlow picked up the magazine from the floor and idly turned the leaves.

"What have you been reading in this?" he asked.

"Only a little love story that didn't interest me at all.

"You know they all commence, progress, and end in one prescribed way.

"If one accepted their puerile statement, one would suppose that the universe is composed of men and women who stalk about in the shadows of life to conceal the wounds inflicted by Love's cruel shaft. It is all nonsense, is it not?

"I know ever so many whose lives are positive refutations of the sickly theory—yours for instance, Mr. Thurlow—you have never taken even the least drop from Cupid's intoxicating chalice, have you?"

Astrea spoke idly, dreamily, as one sometimes seems to speak without volition.

Her question seemed rather a superfluous corroboration of a substantiated fact than an inquiry for desired information.

She looked at him with laughing eyes, and was surprised to see a hot wave of color rise to his face.

There was a deprecating look in his eyes, as he rose hurriedly, saying in a constrained voice—

"Well, my friend, the shadows lengthen, the swallows homeward fly. I must be going.

"Mr. Deane will be here soon, and I shall find myself in the way."

Astrea was pained, and somewhat frightened to think that her idle words had, in some way, hurt him—perhaps they had touched some tender memory that his lonely life held sacred.

As he offered her his hand, she looked up at him and said in an embarrassed voice—

"I am sorry my idle words gave you pain.

"Do not be angry with me, sir."

"Angry—angry with you, Astrea!"

As though mastered by one of life's indefinable impulses, he suddenly inclined his head, lifted the little hand lying in his own, and pressed it against his bearded cheek, while his eyes sought the soft, surprised pair looking up in his face.

It was only a look, but eyes ever have, and ever will tell that which the tongue does not utter.

Though Astrea struggled desperately to appear calmly unconscious, it was no use.

The splendor of his eyes was more than she could bear.

A painful flush suffused her face, as she drew her hand almost rudely from his and turned away.

He laid his hand lightly on her shoulder, and said in deprecating tones—

"Have I hurt you, Astrea? Do you hate me for this?"

"No, I do not hate you.

"I am only surprised.

"And perhaps—perhaps a little frightened to know—to know—this," she replied in a low voice.

Mr. Thurlow's face flushed.

"A strange sweet hope rose and budded."

She had not repulsed him.

"Astrea, you reproached me this evening for having neglected visiting you of late as I did in the days of old.

"It was because I loved you that I did not come.

"I feared the result would be just what it is.

"In an unguarded moment I have revealed what I intended you should never know.

"For, oh, Astrea, I dared not think you could care for an old school teacher whose hair is turning gray.

"But since fate has revealed my secret, what will you say to me? You have not repulsed me.

"Dare I hope that my Rachel will come?"

She drooped her timid eyes and answered not a word.

But even hesitation implied a hope at which Mr. Thurlow grasped as though it were the one thing that could make life—and—yet life is one warm emotion—it is.

"Perhaps you would rather not answer me now.

"May I come again, Astrea? May I wait for an answer?"

"Yes, if you will understand that I offer you no supported hope."

"Ah, child, I am not a presumptious man.

"When shall I come?"

"One week from to-day.

"I wish you would go away now; I wish to be alone."

It was a strange request to make, yet one which he understood and respected.

As he went out at the gate, he met Mr. Deane coming in, and even in the twilight Mr. Thurlow could see that he was a handsome, worn-out man of the world.

But it was not of this man he thought as he walked slowly homeward.

Within the last hour he had turned a page in the book of life which most men turn in youth.

As he read it now in the twilight, though there were so few words of hope, all other, in comparison, seemed blurred.

The days went by on leaden wings.

Monday morning, as he passed her home, how wistfully his eyes sought to catch a glimpse of Astrea.

But he was disappointed; the little lady was not visible.

In the afternoon, though, he was more fortunate.

As he walked along the dusty road which ran near the house, soft strains of music, mingled with rich voices, floated to him on the evening air.

Looking in through the open windows of the parlor, he saw Astrea seated at the piano with the handsome form of Mr. Deane leaning near her.

Mr. Thurlow unconsciously paused; and as he

"Listened to the springs of life within,
Soft music flowing,"

he sighed.

As he resumed his homeward walk, he wondered, why till now, he had never appreciated the Peri poem.

"One morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood, disconsolate,"

A moment ago, had he stood at the gate—had he represented Age standing at the gate of Youth?

Every evening after this, as he passed her home on his return from the college, he saw Astrea and Mr. Deane together.

Sometimes they were on the verandah among the flowers, but more frequently in the parlor at the piano.

To be sure, sometimes Mr. Thurlow would not look towards the house, would turn his eyes resolutely away.

Nevertheless could not his mental vision see a dark and a fair face leaning close together?

Did he not know that black eyes and blue eyes were reading music from the same page?

Ah, why did the music, and the words of their songs make him feel so old?

Thursday morning—the day before he was to go for Astrea's answer—as he took his seat at his desk, he was feeling very old indeed.

All day her parting words rang in his ears.

"I offer you no supported hope."

No she had promised nothing; and he had been very foolish to dream, even for one moment, that she would bring the sunshine of her youth to scare away the gray, chill shadows gathering in the twilight of his life.

It was in this frame of mind that, in the evening, he came in sight of Astrea's home, and saw her and Mr. Deane standing on the verandah.

"How handsome he looks," thought Mr. Thurlow with a little pang.

And then—ah, how it hurt him—he saw Astrea take a flower from her hair and give it to Mr. Deane, who stooped quickly, and—was it her lips or her hair he kissed?

Mr. Thurlow could not tell.

"I need not stop to-morrow evening for her answer," he said, as, with a little stoop in his shoulders, he walked along the dusty road.

"She has given Mr. Deane the answer I wanted."

A month went by.

July came to reign in place of June.

It was Sunday night, and the chime of the church bell was calling the wanderers home.

Almost every one in Bothwell went to church.

Of course Mr. Thurlow did not make one of the few who did not.

The village was but dimly lighted to-night as he walked leisurely along its dusty street.

It was not late, and he was in no particular haste.

Two men were walking just ahead of him, one of whom, by his voice, he knew was Mr. Deane; and the other one he supposed was a young man whom he had seen Mr. Deane meet at the train the day previous.

They were talking, and as Mr. Thurlow was not old enough to be deaf, he could not help hearing their conversation.

"By the way, Deane, what has become of the fair Flora whose praises filled so many of your letters to me a few weeks ago?"

Of course he was unconscious of it, but if any one behind him had been noticing, he could have seen that Mr. Thurlow's footsteps suddenly quickened—of course he knew that these men were alluding to Astrea.

"Call her Undine, not Flora," replied Mr. Deane, carelessly.

"Undine, eh?

"I didn't know you had any such names on your visiting list."

"I haven't — have stretched this one off.

"You can imagine that it did't take me an age to realize that a girl whose greatest pleasure is to read Wordsworth is not my style."

"Guess not," replied the stranger, laughing softly and throwing away his cigar, for they were almost at the church.

Yes they were now at the church door.

Mr. Thurlow entered and soon found a seat.

In less time than it takes to write it, his eyes detected Astrea sitting across the aisle from him by her mother's side.

How dainty and pure she looked in a pretty white dress with white roses in her hair and on her breast.

He was not naturally an impatient man, but to-night it seemed to him as if the prolix discourse would never close.

When at last the benediction was pronounced, he walked rapidly down the aisle and out of the church door.

He was waiting at the corner of the steps when, with her father and mother, Astrea came out.

To the congregation there was nothing surprising in his offering her his hand as she descended the steps, for, excepting the last few Sabbaths, it was a trifling courtesy that he had always tendered her on similar occasions.

"I will take Astrea home," he said to her parents, as he placed her hand within his arm.

He did not speak to her as they walked along.

Instead, he addressed cheerful platitudes to those of the home-going throng whose way, for a short distance, was the same as his.

No, it was not until the village lights had faded, not till he and Astrea were alone on the weed-grown common that he spoke to her in quick, low tones.

"What did you think of me, Astrea, for not calling that Friday evening that you had promised to tell me whether or not you would be my wife?"

"Your failure to keep the appointment precludes your right to ask me such a question."

"But how could I keep the appointment, Astrea, when only the day before I was to do so, while passing your home, I saw Mr. Deane stoop and kiss—was it your hair or your lips, Astrea?

"Neither.

"While seeing so much, why did you not see me put up my hand and avert the—kiss-blow?"

"Ah, did you do that, Astrea?" he asked, quickly.

"Did you do so because you had determined that I and not Mr. Deane should have the precious right of——"

They had now reached her home

Without waiting for Mr. Thurlow to conclude his impassioned speech, she opened the little gate and went inside.

She paused for a moment and looked at him over her shoulder.

"Yes that was why I did so!"

Then she turned and ran up the walk just as the little wren in her nest on the myrtle bough awoke and fluttered her wings.

"God bless my little girl wife that is to be," said the old school teacher in a voice of infinite tenderness, as he turned away from the gate, and walked in the direction of his home.

HUNTING FOR HIS ESCUTCHEON.—Says a Western paper: Occasionally we spread it on a trifle too thick; for instance, we puffed one of our "wealthiest and most prominent" citizens the other day, saying among other pretty things, that his "family escutcheon was stainless."

Since then the gentleman has been quietly but industriously endeavoring to find out what an escutcheon is. First he asked his wife about it; he didn't know but it was some little surprise she was getting up for him; so, thinking to take her unawares, he suddenly asked her:

"By the way, my dear, let's have a squint at our escutcheon."

She didn't know what he was talking about, but not liking to confess her ignorance she said she didn't know what in the world had become of it; she had not seen it since the day they moved.

Then he showed her the puff, and told her to hunt the thing up; the plagued newspaper fellows had got hold of it that they had one, and it would be awkward to have to tell inquiring friends that it had been mislaid.

"To tell the truth, my dear," he added, "I'd forgotten all about having it. I remember paying for it, mighty well, and that's all. What did the thing look like?"

Then she had to own up that she was as much in the dark as he was; and they are still undecided as to whether an escutcheon is a piece of furniture or a dog.

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Twice Engaged.

BY HENRY FRITH.

"BUT do you really mean it, Mr. Brabazon?"

Rosa Dale was standing in the illuminated archway of the autumn woods, her bright braids of hair pierced by one or two wandering sunbeams, her dimpled child-face framed in, as it were, by sprays of red-veined autumn leaves, while her apron was full of the glistening brown chestnuts which she had picked up.

John Brabazon leaned against the tall, smooth trunk of the birch tree, and looked at her, with a lazy, luxurious sense of artistic beauty entering into his mind as he gazed.

"Of course I mean it," said he.

"But I am only twelve years old," cried Rosa, flinging back the sunny tendrils of hair that hung over her forehead.

"You are exactly twelve times as lovely as any of the city belles that congregate hereabouts," said Mr. Brabazon, striving to conceal a yawn.

"And if they think I am engaged—don't you see?—there will be some probability of their leaving off persecuting me."

"Well!" said Rosa, every dimple coming shyly out on lip and cheek as she stood there.

"It's to be a compact, eh?" said Mr. Brabazon.

Rosa nodded her fair little head.

"But," she questioned, rather dubiously, "where is the ring?"

"The what?"

"The engagement ring, Mr. Brabazon," explained Rosa reproachfully.

"Don't you know there's always a ring in novels?

"And most generally it's a diamond."

"If you'll believe," said Mr. Brabazon tragically, "I never thought of the ring at all.

"But here's a little opal that used to be my mother's, hanging on my watch chain.

"Won't that do?"

Rosa held her brown finger, while he fitted it on.

"You—you haven't kissed me yet!" she said, "when this ceremony was complete. "Lovers always kiss their sweethearts."

Mr. Brabazon laughed.

"Come," said he, "this is getting serious.

"But here's the kiss, before the rest of the chestnut party get back.

"And mind, this is to be a profound secret between you and me."

Rosa ran back home with a vague sensation of mysterious delight, and thought how nice Mr. Brabazon looked, all the time she was maneuvering her roasted chestnuts; and Mr. Brabazon himself had a advantage of the little joke to proclaim himself an engaged man.

Nor is it an exaggeration to say that the young ladies were genuinely disappointed.

"It must be a recent thing," said Kate Kennedy, tossing her head.

"Oh, quite recent," acknowledged Mr. Brabazon.

"Love at first sight?" asked Miss Day.

"N-no, not exactly," said Brabazon.

"In fact, I may say that I have admired the young lady since her infancy."

"What a delightful enigma!" said Belle Vernon, looking anything but delighted. "But of course, Mr. Brabazon, you'll tell us her name?"

"I am pledged to secrecy," said the engaged man solemnly.

And when he left in the late autumn, and forgot all about the wild little woodland sprite who climbed trees and pelted him with chestnuts, waded with brown, dimpled feet in the foamy waters of the glen torrent, and conducted him so mysteriously to the barn-chamber to show him her empty birds' nests, butterfly wings and diamond bright pebbles, how was he to know that she remembered the episode under the yellow-leaved chestnut-trees as a red-letter day in her calendar?

"He ought to write to me," said Rosa gloomily, as the weeks and months glided by, and no epistle came.

"I do hope he isn't going to turn out false, like the wicked cavaliers in the story books."

And when Mr. Brabazon sent her a huge wax doll, with six real dresses and a complete outfit of elegantly made dresses at Christmas, Rosa flew into a passion.

"As if I were a baby," said she.

"And I, indeed, and I twelve years old in October.

"I wonder if he takes me for a child?

"Who ever heard of a gentleman sending a doll to the young lady he is engaged to?"

"My dear Rosa," said her mother, half vexed, half amused, "what nonsense you are talking."

"We are engaged," said Rosa.

"See the ring."

And she shyly pulled it out from the bosom of her dress.

"It was only a joke," said Mrs. Dale.

"It was sober earnest!" flashed out Rosa.

"My dear," said Mrs. Dale, "haven't you heard?

"Mr. Brabazon is to be married to Lady Helen Hartford, Mrs. Paunton's niece, next month.

"The cards are already out."

"What!" cried Rosa, her sapphire blue eyes blazing, her rosy lips apart.

"To be married, and he engaged to me!"

And then Rosa rushed away to the barn, and hid herself for full two hours, to sob out the current of her childish grief.

Mrs. Dale smiled and sighed.

"Who would think the child would have attached so much importance to a piece of nonsense like that?" said she.

"Really, I'm afraid I have made a mistake in allowing her to read so many novels.

"But she was always an impetuous little creature."

Rosa wrote several harrowing letters to Mr. Brabazon, all of which she finally tore up, and when she saw the marriage proclaimed in the papers she gave the big wax doll to a little girl who was only eleven years and six months old.

"She won't have any associations connected with it," sighed Rosa.

And about that time she was promoted to a higher grade in school, began lessons on the guitar, and put her unhappy love affair out of her mind.

It could not have been more than eight years subsequently that the collision occurred on the Grand Canal at Venice, in which one of the gondolas capsized, and a beautiful young American lady, niece of the then United States consul, received an involuntary ducking.

Perhaps the romantically dressed gondoliers were intoxicated; perhaps Miss Barony had, as they asserted, risen hastily, to point out something, and destroyed the balance of the mouldy, black-velvet-lined old conveyance.

At all events, Miss Barony was upset, directly in front of the Palazzo di Silvia, where Mr. Brabazon occupied the first floor, a marble-paved desolation of old pictures, broken-nosed statues, and orange-trees in tubs.

Of course, Mr. Brabazon sent out his valet to offer his services.

Of course, they carried Miss Barony in, and laid her on a sofa (draped with tapestry which somebody said Lucrezia Borgia had helped to embroider), and made much of her.

"But how ridiculous all this is," said Miss Barony, with merriment gleaming in her beautiful dark-blue eyes.

"I am a little wet, to be sure, but otherwise I am entirely unharmed.

"Why didn't they put me in the gondola again, and send me back to my uncle's palazzo?"

Mr. Brabazon, however, was far too hospitable for that.

His capped and spectacled old housekeeper was ready with spiced drinks, and great baskets of grapes and cake, and he himself was all politeness and chivalrous courtesy.

Miss Barony gazed curiously around.

How angelically beautiful she looked, wrapped in the violet velvet cloak, edged with ermine, her cheeks flushed with softest rose, her eyes sparkling, her hair hanging in a fringe of dark gold over her forehead.

"Where is Lady Helen Brabazon?" she asked abruptly.

Mr. Brabazon winced.

"She has been dead for a year," he said. "I am a widower.

"You were acquainted with my late wife?"

"Oh, no, not at all!" said Miss Barony. "Only, of course, all the world had heard of her.

"She was a famous beauty, wasn't she?"

"She was very lovely," said the widower.

When Miss Barony was carried away in a newly-summoned gondola, whose picturesque oarsmen were more to be relied upon than their predecessors, Mr. Brabazon asked permission to call at the consulate, to inquire how she was, in the course of a day or two; and Miss Barony accorded the permission as a young queen might have done.

Miss Barony was young, beautiful and popular.

Mr. Brabazon, whose life had been nearly badgered out of him by the caprices, exactions and varying temper of the late Lady Helen, was charmed by her sunny brilliance; and at a month's end he came to Mr. Barony, the United States consul, to ask permission to press his suit with his niece.

Mr. Barony looked conscious.

"Didn't you know?" said he.

"She is engaged."

"Engaged!" repeated Mr. Brabazon, his heart seeming to turn to a lump of ice within him.

"Quite an old affair, I believe," said the consul.

"But perhaps you had better see my niece herself about it.

"I'll give her your message.

"She can decide to suit herself."

Miss Barony was prettier than ever, in her cool muslin dress and pale blue ribbons as she sat among the jessamines and pomegranates of the consulate reception-room the next day, to receive Mr. Brabazon.

He had a speech carefully prepared, wherein all the nominatives and subjects were carefully balanced, and the exact words stated in which every person but he forgot that all the story of her pretended love was false, and he could only stand helplessly by before her cruelty.

"Miss Barony, I love you!"

"So you have been driven to confess it at last," said Miss Barony, "after all these years."

"I don't understand you," said Mr. Brabazon.

"You have forgotten me," said Rosa.

"That would be impossible," asseverated Mr. Brabazon earnestly."

"But it's the fact," said she.

"I am little Rosa Dale, who was engaged to you, under the chestnut-trees at Amber Hill, nine years ago, and here is the engagement-ring," holding up a slender golden hoop, with an opal glimmering in its centre.

"No, I'm not at all surprised that you didn't recognize me.

"I was a child then—I am a woman now.

"And after my parents' death, when uncle Barony adopted me, I took his name instead of my own.

"But I never have quite got over the pang of bitter jealously that pierced my baby-heart when you were married to Lady Helen Hartford."

"But dare I hope," began Mr. Brabazon, "that you still care a little for me?

"I know it seems like presumption, but ——"

"Yes, you may hope," whispered Rosa, half-laughing, half-crying.

"I do care for you—more than a little."

The consul gave them his blessing.

"It was she herself who told me to say she was engaged," said he, putting Rosa's head.

"Little puss, she is always full of her mischief."

"I wanted to be revenged," said Rosa. "But I have quite forgiven my false lover at last."

How She was Won.

BY JULIUS THATCHER.

"ALEXIA!"

The widow Sharply hurried out to the little summer-kitchen, and hastily pinned a bow of scarlet ribbon at the throat of her dark morning-dress, and smoothed the crinkly jet-black hair that waved above her high forehead.

"Alexia!" she cried sharply to a girl with bare, dimpled arms and gold-streaked hair, "go down to the sutler and bring up that yallow pitcher full o' cider, an' git a plate o' them crulls you fried yesterday.

"Be in a jiffy, too, fur I want 'em right away."

"All right, aunt Phemie."

Alexia flew down the cellar, and hastily brimmed the yellow pitcher with the foamy liquid; then seizing a blue-rimmed plate, she piled it high with the crisp, brown crullers—rings, diamonds, and plump, tempting-looking hearts.

"Is it Daddy Crabtree, aunt Phemie?" she asked innocently, as she handed the plate to her aunt.

"Daddy Crabtree, indeed!" sniffed the widow scornfully.

"Do you s'pose I'd waste cider an' crulls on old Daddy Crabtree?

"It's Squire Lillibridge, that's who 'tis, an' you see that you mind that currant jelly on the cook-stove, an' keep out o' sight with your frowsy hair an' that old slouch of a hat."

"Squire Lillibridge!

"I'll keep out of sight," sighed Alexia, as she turned away with the shadow of tears in her downcast blue eyes.

"But I would like to know what makes him so cold and distant to me now, when he used to be so pleasant and kind."

"Taste another crull, squire, dew!

"They're my own make, but fur all that I had a tussle with Alexia about offerin' 'em to you.

"'What's the use, aunt,' she said, 'of givin' away vittles to folks that don't need 'em?

"'I wouldn't be a-throwin' away crulls an' cider like that on anybody,' she declared.

"But, la! I'm only too glad to hev somethin' I kin offer to visitors, especially when they are partikler friends.

"I believe in friendship, an' I allus hev an' allus will."

And she donned her most hospitable smile, thereby deepening the track of the "crow's feet" around the sharp black eyes.

"Won't you hev another taste of the cider, squire?

"Well, of you must go, I won't hender you.

"But do come ag'in an' stay to tea!

"It's a real charity to me to hev somebody to cook fur once an' awhile. Now, I shall expect you."

The widow smiled complacently as she watched her visitor out of sight.

"Yes," she muttered to herself, "it's a-comin' all right now.

"I think he did hanker a leetle mite after Alexia fur awhile, but I've got that all right."

And she smiled to herself, much as a cat might who was all ready to spring upon an unwary mouse.

"The squire's a mighty well-to-do man," she continued, rocking backwards and forwards in the chair her visitor had just vacated—"a mighty well-to-do man, an' not a chick or a child to hinder him, no matter what he does.

"An' the Lillibridge farm—why it's the biggest an' the best kept of any farm hereabout.

"The calves on his back pasture would be a forchin by theirselves, without a-countin' the meddler lots, an' the apple-orchard, an' hop-fields an' the big barn, plump full of clover hay, an' the biggest ears of corn that ever growed in a bottom field.

"Besides, the squire's a powerful good-lookin' man, an' if t'wan't fur that old-maid sister of his I sh'd hev nothin' to complain of.

"But tw'n't make no great d fference fur when I get him I kin soon make the house too hot to hold any other woman. I shall set Alexia adrift, too, fur that matter, but I won't give her a hint till the time comes.

"There's the apples to gether, an' the pickin', an' sich.

"After that she kin look out fur herself.

"I ain't got no call to keep her."

And pretty Alexia, unconscious of the fate in store for her, stood looking out of the kitchen window at the great fields and meadows of the Lillibridge farm, and thinking what a happy man the squire must be, to claim such possessions for his own.

In the meantime, Squire Lillibridge had his own thoughts, as he walked slowly homeward under the green trees which bordered the grassy lane.

"Yes, Mrs. Sharply is a fine-looking woman," he muttered, thoughtfully, pulling the ends of his brown moustache.

"And if I was only certain she was as true and good-tempered as she appears to be, I'd marry her to-morrow, if she was willing.

"As for little Alexia, it's a great pity she has such a shrewish temper and uncharitable disposition."

And the squire sighed, as he thought of the blue eyes and gold streaked hair, and concluded the old proverb must be true, that "all was not gold that glittered."

Any doubts as to the widow's charitable disposition might have been set at rest the next morning, when the gate-latch clicked and she peered cautiously out of the closed shutters to see who was coming, but soon drew back with a scowl of disappointment on her face.

"Alexia," she cried sharply, "don't you see that there's a tramp limping up here with a patch on his eyes?

"Go an' send him about his business in a jiffy."

"Oh, aunt Phemie, I—I can't," protested Alexia.

"Maybe he's hungry."

"Fiddlesticks!

"Mebby he's lazy, you mean.

"Get along out of the way, then, and let me come.

"I ain't afraid to speak to a lame beggar."

And she did speak, to such purpose that the poor fellow stumped out again as fast as his lame leg would allow, scarcely daring to shut the gate after him in his trepidation.

He was hastening down the alley with all his might, when a back gate flew open, and a little figure with gold-streaked hair and convolvulus blue eyes, suddenly confronted him.

"Here," she whispered hurriedly, "here's a slice of cake and a mug of coffee.

"It's all there was left from breakfast.

"Throw the mug away when you're done, for I must hurry back before aunt Phemie misses me."

And she scuttled quickly through the gate, only to run in her aunt's arms.

"So, miss, I've caught you at last!" declared the widow crossly.

"I've allus suspected you of givin' cold vittles away to them miserable tramps, an' now I know it.

"Go into the house this minute, an' if that fellow don't take himself off, I'll git the constable to help him."

"Pray do so, madam," said a familiar voice, and, to the widow's consternation, the tramp tore the patch from his eye, pulled off the grizzly wig, threw aside his dilapidated coat, and Squire Lillibridge stood revealed.

"It's a plot!" snapped the widow crabbedly, as soon as she recovered voice enough to speak.

"It's all a plot between you two, and Alexia kin pack up her things and git out of my house this minute!"

"Just what I want her to do," returned the squire composedly.

"I want a wife, and if Alexia will marry me to-day, my home shall be hers for ever after."

The widow flounced into the house in a huff.

"If I'd only s-suspicioned it was him," she grumbled, her black eyes snapping with vexation, "how easy I could a-fooled him!"

But it was too late now, for Alexia, blushing like the scarlet berries at the roadside, was on her way to the parsonage to become Mrs. Squire Lillibridge.

ELECTRIC ACCUMULATORS.—A great improvement has been effected in accumulators, says *The English Mechanic*, by a combination of the Faure-Sellon-Volckmar patents. The Pullman train on the Brighton line, which formerly was lit by eighteen incandescent lamps, supplied by seventy Faure accumulators, is now illuminated with forty incandescent lamps, the current for which is supplied by 30 Faure-Sellon-Volckmar accumulators, whose total weight is less than half those formally employed. The old accumulators weighed 130 pounds in working order, and gave a current equivalent to one horse-power for three-quarters of an hour; whereas the new pattern weighs only about seventy-five pounds and gives a horse-power for an hour.

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Our Young Folks.

OUR HAPPY FAMILY.

BY JULIA GODDARD.

THE MONKEY'S STORY.

WELL, since a story I must weave,
I beg your kind and gracious leave
To tell my tale in humble verse
(Yet, though I say it, I've known worse.)
Permission granted, I'll begin,
And try your honest praise to win.

"My earliest recollections stray
To a dense forest far away
In what is known, I've learnt since then,
As South America, by men.
Here was I born, nor did I pass
My days as now 'neath roof of glass,
But 'mid the palms I used to roam,
And call the tropic forest home.
From tree to tree I used to skip,
And I could get a strong, firm grip
With arms, or legs, or even tail:
Neither was ever known to fail.

"I must have been a few weeks old—
Just getting venturesome and bold—
When first I found that sorrows fall
On living creatures, one and all,
Monkeys or men. It happened thus:
Some half a score or more of us
Had sought a quiet sheltered glade,
And there at leap-frog we had played
Until the day had almost gone,
And friends and parents too looked on,
And praised our leaping if 'twas good;
Or, if we jumped not as we should,
They lectured us with accents stern,
And made our hearts within us burn.

"Then, in the midst of all the fun,
Just when the champion prize was won,
A sharp and sudden crack was heard,
And lo! without a cry or word,
A mother-monkey fell down dead;
And with a shriek of fear we fled.
Then, turning to look back, I saw
A sight that filled my heart with awe—
A monkey, just a few years old,
Locking the form so wan and cold
That fate had cherished it so well!
Ah, how can I my story tell?
How men burst in upon the scene,
Dashing aside the foliage green,
And seized the little weeping one,
And laughed to see the sad tears run
In torrents down its wizened face.
Then, with a jest, they left the place
Taking their prisoner away.
(There, in that cage, he is to-day).

"One morn, in search of something new,
Rambling the tropic forest through,
I and my comrades traveled far,
When lo! we saw a fierce jaguar—
A foe most hostile to our race,
Strong and relentless in the chase—
Crouched on a log and fast asleep.
A consultation long and deep
Revealed a plan that seemed to show
Some chance of frolic with our foe.
Armed every one with nooses strong,
Made of the creeping vines that throng
The tropic glades, we clambered far
Above the slumbering jaguar;
Then, with a straight and sudden fall,
We dropped our nooses, one and all,
Around the monster stretched full length,
And jerked them tight with all our strength,
And pinioned him—head, body, tail,
And laughed to see his eyes grow pale,
Then leap and flash with angry fire.
But long before his savage ire
Could show itself by breaking free
From bonds too weak for kindly might,
We all, of course, were out of sight.

"Yet once again, while I was free,
The form of man I chanced to see.
Where giant trees deep shadows cast
A company of travelers passed,
And lingered for a while to eat
And rest them from the midday heat.
Their baggage piled up in a heap
Lay near them while they went to sleep,
Leaving one sentry to keep guard.
Believe me, friends, it was not hard
To wait until he had turned his head,
And then to speed with silent tread,
And seize a bag, and run away
Before the guard had time to say
Whether he'd let it go, or nay.

"Then, chattering and full of glee,
We sought a spot where we might see
What this our treasure might contain.
Something, of course, we hoped to gain;
Some wondrous nectar rich and rare,
Or morsel sweet beyond compare.
I imagine, then, our great disgust
To find, when in the bag were thrust
A dozen eager hands or more,
Nothing to eat, but just a store
Of foolish clothes in which men dress,
And pride them on their lower rose.
But stay! One flask came into sight,
Holding some liquid ruddy-bright.
'It must be good," we said, and tasted.
What it was then—how it was wasted—
On all these things—so said's the tale—
I beg your leave to draw a veil.
I feel, though, I must give one word
To a queer thing we brought aboard,
Wondrous to gaze!, and brought it to view
Another monkey strange and new,
That seemed to smile and nod and bow!—
Believe me, I am wiser now.

"Now comes scolding to my story!
The sun shone on in all its glory,
The time passed by as time will do,
And day by day I grew and grew,
Until one night sweet sleep I sought,
And woke to find that I was caught.
Man had me in his grasp, alas!
And o'er the seas I had to pass.
The free-and-easy life was o'er;
For me the tree-tops wave no more;
The lion has become a lamb;
Man brought me here, and here I am!"

CONCLUSION.

BUT just at that moment the clock struck a quarter to twelve.

"We promised to meet Eric at the refreshment rooms at twelve," said Eva to Jeff.

"We must all be there," said the elephant; "the banquet begins at twelve."

"And I'm not a bit sleepy," said Eva. "I believe I could sit up late every night, like a grown-up person."

The elephant made no answer, but marched along through what seemed to Eva a forest of fire, so brilliant were the gas devices.

As for fireworks, the Catherine-wheels never came to an end, and rockets and blue lights went off of their own accord, shooting up to the sky, "to try to touch the moon and stars," said Eva.

As for anything like itself to-night, that was out of the question.

The refreshment rooms in which Jeff and Eva had been with their grandfather in the day-time had undergone as great a transformation as the waterfowls' lawn.

As Eva looked round, she felt it would be impossible to describe it.

It was a glitter of all the colors of the rainbow mixed up with gold and silver.

The keepers, in scarlet jackets and white aprons, were flying about everywhere.

Indeed, Jeff had not thought there so many of them, which opinion he expressed to the elephant.

"All the supernumeraries are pressed into the service to-night, as so many waiters are wanted," replied the elephant.

"Keeper," he added, "where are the places that are reserved for these young people?"

"Not any reserved, sir; company not expected, sir.

"More animals to-night than usual.

"Very sorry, but don't think it possible to find a place, sir."

"Oh, never mind," said Jeff; "we shall like much better if you will let us have a little corner somewhere where we can see it all."

So Jeff, and Eva, and Eric (who kept the midnight appointment, unaccompanied just then by the lady who had been with him), and the pony and dogs, were stationed a little in the background, where they could observe all that was going on.

And the first thing they noticed was a table, a little apart from the principal one, at which were seated all the animals and birds who had told their stories.

"Why are they sitting there?" asked Jeff of the keeper whom the elephant had appointed to wait upon Eva and himself.

"They are going to sing a song that has been composed for the occasion," replied the keeper.

"Hush!" said Eva; "the lion is going to say something."

The lion had taken the head of the great table, some distance from where the children were, and the elephant was at his right.

He rose, and the whole of the animals rose also, and for a moment Jeff, Eva, and Eric thought they must all be going mad, for there was a combination of roars, yells, screams, howls, cries, stamping of paws, and lashing of tails, that made the children draw close together.

"No cause for alarm," said the keeper; "they're cheering the president.

"The lion is the president, you know; he is always recognized as quite the head of the gardens."

"Oh!" responded Jeff.

After the cheering had subsided, the lion, in a capital little speech, welcomed the guests.

"He was," he said, "glad to see such a noble assembly, and to feel that animal rights were making their way in the world."

Then he made many other remarks appropriate to the occasion.

Then supper began.

Eva thought that all the confectioners' shops in town must have been almost emptied.

Such pies!

Such piles of tarts and cheesecakes! such cakes, with sugar devices of every imaginable kind!

And such bunches of grapes and all kinds of fruit!

The elephant sent plate after plate to the children.

The pony and dogs came in for their share.

The omnibus horses had been brought by the zebra, and were enjoying themselves farther down the table.

Jeff and Eva could only say, "How wonderful."

Feel that the sight was worth coming hundreds and thousands of miles to see.

At length the dishes were removed, and preparations made for proceeding with the toasts.

The lion stood up again—

"Our gala-night," said he, "is coming to an end.

"Before we part let us join in wishing each other health and happiness until we meet again upon a similar festive occasion.

"I will give the toast.

"Health and happiness to all the animals assembled at the Zoo."

"Touch glasses."

Ah, what a clinking of glass! what a roar of applause! what cheering!

Eva was afraid they would be too hoarse to sing, and Rover evidently shared this opinion, for he slipped out, and re-appeared as a waiter carrying a tray.

The elephant had now drawn near, and taken his place at the table with those who had told the stories to the children—evidently intending to add to the effect of the song with his trombone-like voice.

At length the cheers died away; and the Pelican, holding a sheet of music, rose and commenced to sing a song he had composed the rest of the company joining in the chorus.

The thunder of applause that followed the last verse seemed to shake the building, and Eric said he thought it would tumble down.

Added to this, a gong went off, making as much noise as if all the bells in the city were clashing together, and there was a cry that the lights were going out.

Immediately there was a rush of beasts to the doors.

"It's all over," said the keeper.

"They are going back to their houses as quickly as they can."

The elephant lingered to say "Good-bye" to the children; then he hurried away, turning, however, once in the moonlight to kiss his trunk to Eva.

"What a dear, good old fellow!" said she.

"Car waiting!" cried one of the horses. He and his companion had harnessed themselves, and had drawn up at the entrance.

"Why, how did we get here; asked Eva.

"I'm sure I don't know," replied Jeff; "but here we are, and Rover too; so jump in, and we shall soon be at home."

Eric had now mounted his pony, and the lady who had at first been with him re-appeared.

"Good-bye, Eric," said Eva.

"Good-bye," answered Eric.

"I shall see you again before very long, Eva, and we will talk it all over.

What a letter I shall have to write to India!"

* * * * * * *

Rattle! rattle! rattle!

At what a rate the horses were going!

The car shook, and reeled and banged against the lamp-posts, and at last—crash—crash—crash!

What had happened?

Eva and Jeff shut their eyes, and when they opened them they found themselves on the sofa in grandpapa's drawing-room. Grandmamma was smiling as she looked at them.

"How did it all happen? and who carried us in?" asked Jeff.

"I did not know we were so near home," said Eva.

Grandmamma smiled again, and looked very mysterious.

It was evident she was not going to tell them anything.

"I wonder if the car horses were hurt badly?

"We must look at the accidents in grandpapa's paper to-morrow," said Jeff.

"I am so sleepy," murmured Eva.

"You are tired out," said grandmamma. "You have been up much too late, and you have done too much to-day."

"But how quickly the time passed," whispered Jeff to Eva.

"I am sure I shall dream all night of 'OUR HAPPY FAMILY' at the Zoo."

"And so shall I," answered Eva, "but most especially of the dear good elephant and patient old Rover."

[THE END.]

HELPING EACH OTHER.—Animals perform many little services for each other. Monkeys pick from each other thorns and burrs and parasites. Wolves and some other beasts of prey hunt in packs, and aid each other in attacking their victims. Pelicans fish in concert.

The Hamadryas baboons turn over stones to find insects, etc.; and when they come to a large one, as many as can stand round turn it over together and share the booty. Animals naturally defend each other. Brehm encountered in Abyssinia a troop of baboons which were crossing a valley; they were attacked by the dogs, but the old males immediately hurried down from the rocks, and, with mouths widely opened, roared so fearfully that the dogs precipitately retreated.

They were again encouraged to the attack; but by this time all the baboons had re-ascended the heights, excepting a young one about six months old, which, loudly calling for aid, climbed on a block of rock and was surrounded. One of the largest males, a true hero, came down again from the mountain, slowly went to the young one, coaxed him, and triumphantly led him away, the dogs being too much astonished to make an attack.

On another occasion an eagle seized a young monkey, which, by clinging to a branch, was not at once carried off. It cried loudly for assistance, upon which the other members of the troop, with much uproar, rushed to the rescue, surrounded the eagle, and pulled out so many feathers that he no longer thought of his prey, but only how to escape.

Æsthetics is the science of the beautiful. The meed of merit for production personal æsthetics is due to J. C. Ayers & Co., whose incomparable Hair Vigor is a universal beautifier of the hair. Harmless, effective, agreeable, it has taken rank amongst indispensable articles of the toilet. For faded locks it gives luxuriance; and wherever hairs it clothes with the hue of youth.

SHORT BUSINESS NOTES.

THE following brief law points will not be bad for "the boys" to paste in their hats:

It is fraud to conceal a fraud.

A note made on Sunday is void.

Ignorance of the law excuses no one.

The acts of one partner bind the rest.

A contract made with a lunatic is void.

Notes bear interest only when so stated.

An agreement without consideration is void.

Contracts made on Sunday cannot be enforced.

Signatures made with a lead-pencil are good in law.

Principals are responsible for the acts of their agents.

No consideration is sufficient in law if it be illegal in its nature.

Checks or drafts must be presented for payment without unreasonable delay.

A note obtained by fraud, or from a person in a state of intoxication, cannot be collected.

Notice of protest may be sent either to the place of business or residence of the party notified.

An endorser has a right of action against all whose names were on the bill when he received it.

An endorser may prevent his own liability to be sued by writing "without recourse" or similar words.

If two or more persons as parties are jointly liable on a note or bill, due notice to one of them is sufficient.

If the letter containing a protest of non-payment be put into the post-office, any miscarriage does not affect the party giving notice.

Each individual in a partnership is responsible for the whole amount of the debts of the firm, except in cases of a special partnership.

If a note is lost or stolen it does not release the maker; he must pay it if the considerations for which it was given and the amount can be proven.

Part payment of debt which has passed the time of statutory limitation revives the whole debt, and the claim holds good for another period from the date of such partial payment.

"Value received" is usually written in a note, and should be, but it is not necessary. If not written it is presumed by the law, or may be supplied by proof.

If when the debt is due the debtor is out of the State the limitation does not begin to run until he returns.

If afterwards leaves the State the time forward counts the same as if he remained in the State.

The maker of an "accommodation" note or bill (one for which he has received no consideration), having let his name or credit for the benefit of the holder, is bound to all parties, precisely as if there was a good consideration.

The holder of a note may give notice of protest either to all the previous endorsers or only to one of them; in case of the latter he must select the last endorser, and the last must give notice to the last before him, and so on.

Each endorser must send notice the same day or the the followin day.

Neither Sunday nor legal holidays are to be counted in reckoning the time in which notice is to be given.

When in a suit on a promissory note it is adjudged to be void because it had been altered in a material part, the holder of the note can recover on the original consideration paid for the note without returning or offering to return the note.

LETTERS TO EDITORS.—Perhaps as many as half the letters received by editors explain that the articles accompanying them were written "in great haste," as though the statement were calculated to reconcile the articles for publication. Instead, it would be wise to try and conceal the unhappy fact, though, whether told of it or not, the experienced editor can usually tell at a glance just how much pains and care have been bestowed upon the manuscripts submitted to him. Letters from strangers dilating largely upon family troubles, and rehearsing causes why money is needed for matter sent, form, perhaps, the most trying class received by editors. The acceptability of articles in a well-regulated publication office cannot depend upon the pecuniary needs of their writers. Almost invariably the article accompanying such a letter is weak and worthless. Letters asking that articles accompanying them should be immediately returned, or that a lengthy reply should be sent "at once," and yet enclosing no stamp to pre-pay postage, are usually thrown away. The bills for the necessary stamps to accede to such unreasonable requests would mount up formidably in the office of any journal. Letters from strangers asking if certain articles would be acceptable, are usually, even if enclosing a stamp, the source of unnecessary trouble.

Any one who reads a certain journal must know, if he have common sense, just about what kind of articles are wanted for it, and the value of whatever he may write usually depends more upon his treatment of a subject than upon the subject itself. It is best to send along whatever has been thought of, with stamps for its return, if not available. There are numberless other kinds of troublesome letters received by editors, but those named include, perhaps, the most important.

PITTSFORD, MASS., Sept. 28, 1878.

MESS.—I have taken Hop Bitters and recommend them to others, as I found them very beneficial. MRS. J. W. TUTTLE,
Sec. Women's Christian Temperance Union.

MAN, BLACK AND TAN.

BY C. DICK.

I have a dainty playmate, dear,
As is none other to me here
Of my own clan;
A brass-girt collar decks his throat,
And shines like silk his glossy coat
Of black and tan.

Companion of my only walks,
He trots beside me oft, and talks
As best he can;
Then wild with sudden glee, will rush
And bark defiance at a thrush.
Hie! black and tan!

Across his puzzled brain there throng
Confused ideas of right and wrong;
He has no plan
Of conduct for his daily guide,
The god he worships dwells inside
His black and tan.

But should the world for me forbear,
And with unreasonable stare
Some weakness scan,
One faithful heart, I know, would ache,
Were I with life for aye to break.
Ah! black and tan!

INDIAN WITCHCRAFT.

THERE is scarcely any age or country in which a superstitious belief in witchcraft has not had a powerful hold on the minds of the people.

In Europe, till about the end of the last century, the possession of magical powers and the practice of the black-art was implicitly believed in, and the minds of learned divines greatly exercised to prove, by the aid of revelations, that the practice of sorcery was hateful to God and man. Stringent laws were, therefore, framed for its suppression, and the ecclesiastical authorities pursued with unrelenting vigor their self-imposed task of punishing and extirpating those who were believed to have dealings with the Evil One.

It need not, therefore, be wondered that amongst a large portion of the inhabitants of India, witchcraft in various guises exercises a vast and potent influence.

The religion of the Hindoos would naturally induce those who profess it to give credence to all kinds of marvels; but it will be found that even the followers of the Mohammedan creed are very nearly as much disposed to pin their faith upon the grossest follies, and to adopt every idle invention which springs from the fears or the craft of their associates.

The followers of these religions need not go farther for their justification than their own scriptures.

The Vedas enjoin special reverence for the Brahminical soothsayers, whose muntras or incantations are declared as having terrible effects; while the Koran, in its twenty-first and twenty-seventh chapters, dilates upon the magic excellence of Solomon, and the power he possessed over all created things—even the elements; and the thirteenth chapter—said to have been revealed to the Prophet of Islam on the occasion of his having been bewitched by the daughters of a Jew—is still devoutly used as a charm against evil spirits and the spells of witches and sorcerers.

The belief of Mohammedans in good and evil spirits who may be compelled to perform the bidding of a mortal, is not only manifested in their tales and legends, but forms also a subject of grave record, and is mixed up with their religious creed. While on the one hand, they are taught to believe there exist good angels who ever attend upon a man, and ever prompt him to do his duty to God and his fellow-creatures; on the other hand, they are warned against evil spirits, who, with deadly malignity pursue their every step and lead them into misery.

These spirits or genii constantly reside in the lowest of the seven firmaments, and are able to render themselves visible at pleasure to the human inhabitants of the earth. They are of various denominations, some good, and some evil; some very powerful and luxurious; and others reduced to such a low estate as to be compelled to live upon bones and air. And though these spirits are represented as superior to the human race in wisdom and power, it is commonly believed to be possible for mortals to become allies of these intelligences, to partake of their powers, and to assist their evil designs.

Even further, the Hindoo fakirs and sages by the practice of austerities and self-torture, are credited with having attained such a degree of sanctity and power that they could control supernatural beings.

It is no uncommon thing at the present day for a person to resort to a fakir and obtain from him a charm for the purpose of removing an illness, as a safeguard against accidents, or for the purpose of avoiding an impending disaster, or it may be with the view of causing some evil to happen to any one with whom he may be on unfriendly terms.

There are in India professed heart-eaters and liver-eaters, who by their spells and incantations pretend to steal away and devour these vital organs, thereby reducing the luckless individuals thus attacked to the greatest extremity.

These extraordinary feeders are, it is said, able to communicate their art by giving those who desire to use it a pieces of liver-cake to eat.

They are dangerous people, effecting as much mischief by their pretended power as if they were actually able to achieve what they profess; since they work upon the fears and excite the imagination of the unhappy individuals who are subjected to their diabolical influence, producing upon the victim—who is rendered hypochondriac by the artful suggestions of the enemy—anguish, disease, and finally death.

Grains of Gold.

The soul is strong that trusts in God.

They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.

The first and worst of all frauds is to cheat one's self.

Be ignorance thy choice, where knowledge leads to woe.

Suffering is the surest means of making us truthful to ourselves.

Where there is room in the heart, there is always room in the house.

Sorrow for sin is the golden key that opens the palace of eternity.

The best education in the world is that got by struggling to get a living.

Prosperity is no just scale; adversity is the only balance to weigh friends.

The certain way to be cheated is to fancy one's self more cunning than others.

If Satan ever laughs, it must be at hypocrites; they are the greatest dupes he has.

Prayer is not conquering God's reluctance, but taking hold of God's willingness.

Every part of the soul, if it comes to any largeness of strength, goes through discipline.

If there be any truer measure of a man than by what he does, it must be what he gives.

Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie. A fault, which needs it most, grows two thereby.

Knowledge is that which, next to virtue, truly and essentially raises one man above another.

The best society and conversation is that in which the heart has a greater share than the head.

He who does his best, however little, is always to be distinguished from him who does nothing.

None are ruined by the justice of God but those who hate to be reformed by the grace of God.

I have lived to know that the secret of happiness is never to allow your energies to stagnate.

Bashfulness may sometimes exclude pleasure, but seldom or ever opens any avenue to sorrow or remorse.

Those who would let anything take the place of Christianity must first abolish all sorrow from the earth.

Attrition is to the stone what good influences are to the man; both polish while they reveal hidden beauties.

It is not enough to have reason; it is spoiled, it is dishonored, by sustaining a brusque and haughty manner.

As water runs down from the swelling hills, and flows together in the lowly vale, so grace flows not but into humble hearts.

It is better to tread the path of life cheerfully, skipping lightly over the thorns and briers that obstruct our way, than to sit down and lament our hard fate.

The best thing to be done when evil comes is not to give way to lamentation, but to seek action—not to sit and suffer, but to rise and search for the enemy.

The law of the harvest is to reap more than you sow. Sow an act, and you reap a habit; sow a habit, and you reap a character; sow a character, and you reap a destiny.

Endeavor to be always patient of the faults and imperfections of others, for thou hast many faults and imperfections of thine own that require a reciprocation of forbearance.

It is the absence of sympathy, far more than any excess of it, that interferes with truth in the estimates we make. Only through sympathy can we even approximately know any one.

Every man should mind his own business, and only that. It is hard to tell him so in plain words, yet it is one of the simplest rules of conduct, and the most useful that mankind can adopt in their intercourse with each other.

The first great point with regard to decision in conduct is to have a definite conception of what to decide upon, and the second to be possessed of sufficient judgment to know if the project should be unflinchingly carried out.

Femininities.

Woman's heart is love and song united.

It is considered a disgrace for a Hindoo girl not to be married when she is eleven or twelve years old.

It will rest you wonderfully to change your seat in the room occasionally if you have a long day's sewing to do.

Every woman who wants to marry goes in for protection. After that she believes in free trade—at the dry-goods store.

If a woman loses her voice driving out chickens, could she be called a blacksmith? She certainly would be a hoarse-shewer.

Mr. Langtry is living in a little Welsh village, and receives, an English journal announces, a weekly remittance from his wife of $16.

She sang, "I want to be an angel," and he swore she was one already. To this she blushingly demurred. Then he married her. Demurrer sustained.

"It is a duty," says Mr. Ruskin, "to be nice looking." We trust that young ladies with fair hair and blue eyes who feel tempted to wear a red hat will bear this in mind.

Nebraska has one woman minister, one woman lawyer, six women county superintendents, and ten women physicians. Many women are engaged in editorial work.

"Did you dust the furniture this morning, Mary?" asked the mistress. "No, ma'am replied Mary, "it didn't need it; it had all the dust on it that it could easily hold."

A Rockville, Conn., young lady who was examining some hats in one of the millinery stores there one day last week, innocently inquired: "Do the crushed strawberry hats have the odor of the fruit?"

"Say, Mrs. Bunson," said a little girl to a lady visitor, "do you belong to a brass band?" "No, my dear. But why do you ask such a question?" "Because ma said you were always blowing your own horn."

"There's music in the air," remarked Brown, as the sound of the piano in the next house filled his ears. "Yes," replied Fogg, "there's music in the air, no doubt; but mighty little of it in that woman's accompaniment."

"There," exclaimed Mrs. Nickleplate, who affects the antique, "there is a vase that is very old!" "I can see that by the dust on it," was the innocent reply of Mrs. Plainly, as she drew an arabesque with her finger on the vase.

An Oil City man who lost a limb in the war has never applied for a pension. When asked the reason why he never put in an application, he explained that he felt amply compensated for his loss, because his wife eloped with another man while he was in the army.

The Kentucky law says: "No marriage shall be solemnized without a license therefor, issued by the clerk of the county in which the female resides at the time." Nothing is said here about the county in which the male resides. Has the male Kentuckian no rights?

He had turned and twisted in his seat for nearly an hour, vainly trying to make an impression on the young lady who sat behind him. At last he asked: "Does this train stop at Cicero?" "I don't know, sir," she quickly replied; "but I hope so, if you think of getting off there."

It is all well enough to say with the poet that truth, wherever found, will draw forth homage from the pure heart; but just go and tell a woman once that her little boy is one of the direst imps in town, and see how much homage you will draw from her heart, no matter how pure it may be.

If your lace bed-spread and pillow-covers are soiled, wash them, and, instead of bluing them, dip them in some very weak cold coffee, and they will receive from it a delicate shade of ecru, which is so popular for laces just now. Curtains and other articles of the kind may be treated in the same way.

Jones declares that his wife is the most thrifty woman he ever knew. "Why, sir, he recently exclaimed, "she has made ten patch-work quilts during the last two years—made them herself, sir, out of the samples she collected in her shopping tours during that time."

There was a grand ball given in Paris at which all the actresses "of the Theatre Francaise" appeared as baskets of roses, the upper part of the dress made of gold, pearls, or silver to represent wicker work, out of which the roses encircled the neck and arms, and ran over the skirts.

Summerbreeze's daughter went on a sailing party the other day, and was terribly sea-sick. Her beau, who never could get up courage to propose, said to her: "You wouldn't make a very good sailor, would you?" "I shouldn't be much of a success before the mast," she said, "but I'd make a rattling good mate."

"Well, how do you like the new minister?" she asked, as they came out of the church together. "Oh, I hardly know yet." "But wasn't that a splendid sermon?" "Yes, I suppose so; but I am not entirely satisfied yet. I sat so far back that I couldn't see him very well. I did so hope we would get a minister with long eyelashes and a Grecian nose!"

A woman who would always love would never grow old; and the love of mother and wife would often give or preserve many charms if it were not too frequently combined with conjugal and parental anger. This is worth remembering; for there remains in the faces of women who are naturally serene and peaceful, and of those rendered so by religion, an after-spring, and later an aster-summer, the reflex of their most beautiful bloom.

The tight-lacing young lady, Richard A. Proctor thinks is, after all, "the fit partner for the male of her kind. Pinched waists and shallow brains pains should marry and intermarry till waists contracted and brains grew shallower to the vanishing point." As young ladies more or less tightly-laced, and young men more or less empty-headed, happen to be the rule, the prospects of civilized mankind under the Proctorian law, of development are not of the brightest.

News Notes.

Bell has made $6,000,000 on his telephone.

A girl has been born out West with three tongues.

Pineapples weighing twelve pounds are grown in Sandford, Fla.

Gas is more out of favor than ever in the sitting-rooms of England.

Mrs. Scoville, sister of Guiteau, wishes to have her name changed to Howe.

Two Reno squaws purchased tickets to hear Janauschek's "Marie Stuart."

Bears are uncommonly numerous this season in the upper portion of Maine.

Shingles were split and tin roofs were penetrated by hailstones in Brownsville, Penn., last week.

There are at present in the colleges of the Jesuit Fathers of the United States over five thousand students.

Rattlesnakes weighing ten pounds and seven ounces have been found in the Santa Anna Mountains.

Pope Leo XIII. has an annual income of $1,800,000, but it is said his expenses for food are only 50 cents a day.

At the Vanderbilt University Miss Mary Crowell carried off the prize for literary composition against 121 males.

It soothes and cools a feverish patient to bathe him in warm water in which a little saleratus has been dissolved.

Tough meat may be made as tender as any by the addition of a little vinegar to the water when it is put on to boil.

Florida papers say that the use of tobacco-stems as a fertilizer for orange-trees is attracting attention all over the State.

A Patagonian usually has but one wife, but he is allowed as many as he can support. He usually finds one all he can take care of.

The latest thing in the souvenir business is to be a record of the season's balls, parties, etc., to aid the belles in keeping it in their memory.

A Yankee has stormed a prairie dog town in the West, and captured the animals for their skins, which, made into gloves, rival the finest kid.

Washington tailors say the right arms of nearly all men of note are from one to two inches larger than the left, all on account of hand-shaking.

Peter Moulton, of Unity, Me., 85 years old, amuses himself by legibly writing the Lord's Prayer on a piece of paper that can be covered with a dime.

There were three women in Somerset, Kentucky, one day last week who are the mothers of fifty children, nineteen, seventeen and fourteen respectively.

Custom House officials at Rio Janeiro recently received a large consignment from New York of petroleum jelly, which was confiscated as nitro-glycerine.

The largest man in the British service is Lieutenant Southerland, of the Fifty-sixth Regiment. He is 8 feet 4 inches high, and weighs something over 364 pounds.

With 70,000 lawyers in this country, one physician to every thirteen families, and the colleges in full operation, we ought to be able to get along swimmingly.

If the brass top of a kerosene lamp has come off, it may be repaired with plaster-of-Paris wet with a small quantity of mucilage, and will be strong as ever.

Only three thousand men of the Swiss army of 205,176 are in active service, but the rest are not loafing around Washington; they are at work on their farms.

The cost of transporting a barrel of flour from Minneapolis to Boston is $1. The freight on a sack of flour holding a barrel, from Minneapolis to Glasgow, Scotland, is $1.20.

A lady in Searsport, Me., nearly 80 years of age, wears a pair of earrings presented her and put in her ears when she was three years old, and which have never been taken out.

Club life is said to encourage celibacy among Englishmen. In a luxurious club a bachelor can get for forty dollars a year the use of a house which may have cost $200,000.

Mme. Piccolo, a Parisian actress, drove six burglars out of her house with a revolver recently, and then held two of them, who had climbed up a tree, until the police arrived.

Publishers of Arnhem, Holland, have begun printing their publications in blue ink on a light green paper. This method, they state, gives great relief to the eye of the reader.

Syracuse has been imposed upon by two two young men, who sold painted sparrows for canaries at two dollars each. Two good singing canaries were carried along as advertisements.

It is said that a son of Prof. Donaldson, the lost aeronaut, has been compelled to ask a Rochester, N. Y., Justice to send him to the House of Refuge, that he may obtain an education.

A Jewish girl at Elmira, N. Y., recently married a young Catholic lawyer. Her father draped his house with symbols of mourning, and sent a notice of her death to a local paper. She had escaped from the house by climbing over the back fence.

A gentleman who recently visited ex-Governor Hendricks at his home in Indianapolis, found him amusing himself with a white pet mouse. He made the acquaintance of the little creature during his recent illness, and a strong friendship has sprung up between them.

A SAFE STAND-BY FOR THE FAMILY during the season of Cholera Morbus, Summer Complaints, Cramps, Diarrhœa, and all Bowel Complaints, is Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam—of admitted efficacy, and, if occasion should arise, sure to prove useful.

THE FIRST COFFEE.

THIS fashionable beverage, almost a necessary of life to the merchant, the politician, and the author, on its first introduction in Asia, caused a violent religious schism among the Mahometan doctors, almost as early as the thirteenth century, although it was not till towards the middle of the sixteenth, that a coffee-house, properly so called, was established at Constantinople; its discovery was announced by a miraculous legendary tale, which each set relates in its own way.

"A dervise," says a certain heterodox rational Mussulman, if such there can be, "a dervise, over-flowing with zeal or with bile, was sorely troubled, on observing that his brethren were not animated by a spirit active as his own; he saw, with concern, that they were listless and drowsy in the performance of their religious exercises, their ecstacies, their howlings, their whirlings round, their vertigoes, their bellowings and laborious breathings, "in which at a certain period, the Turkish priests excelled.

"The dissatisfied dervise, taking a solitary walk, to soothe his disturbed spirits, or cool his heated imagination, observed that the cattle became suddenly remarkably playsome and lively, after the animals had eaten a certain herb. He gave his companions a strong infusion of it; their heaviness and torpor were almost instantly removed, and they performed the parts allotted to them with exemplary activity and vigor: the leaf, so powerful in its effects, proved to be the shrub from which coffee berries afterwards were gathered."

"It was in the six hundred and fifty-sixth year of the Hegira (about the middle of the thirteenth century of the Christian era) that Aboubasan Schazali, on a pilgrimage to the tomb of our most holy prophet, sinking under fatigue, extreme heat, and old age, called unto him Omar, a venerable Scheick, his friend and companion, and thus addressed him:—

"'Teacher of the faithful! the angel of death hath laid his hand upon me: cleansed from my corruptions in the waters of Paradise, I hope soon to be in the presence of our prophet; but I cannot depart in peace, till I have done justice to thy zeal, thy faith, and thy friendship; persevere in the path thou hast so long trod, and rely on him, who drove the infidels like sheep before him, to extricate thee from all thy difficulties; farewell, sometimes think of Aboubasan, pity his errors, and do justice to his good name:' he would have spoken farther, but his breath failed, his eyes became dim, and pressing that hand he was to press no more, he expired without a groan.

"Having performed the last office of friendship, Omar pursued his way: but, a few days after, lost in devout contemplation, or overwhelmed with sorrow, he wandered from his associates in the caravan, and was not sensible of the danger of his situation, till involved in one of those whirlwinds, which, raising into the air the sandy soil of that country, generally prove destructive.

"Falling on his face, the fury of the blast, and the thick cloud of sand passed over him; almost suffocated with dust, notwithstanding the precaution he had taken, separated from the companions of his journey, without water to moisten his parched mouth, and fainting for want of sustenance, he gave himself up for a lost man; the stream of life was propelled with difficulty, perception and sensation began to fail and believing himself in the agonies of death, he poured forth a mental ejaculations to Allah.

"An angel of light immediately stood before him; waving his hand thrice towards the holy city, and pronouncing deliberately three mysterious words, a limpid stream suddenly gushed from the ground, and a luxuriant shrub sprung forth from the barren sand of the desert; bathing the temples, the eyes, and the lips of Omar, with the refreshing fluid, the celestial messenger disappeared.

"The cool stream, and the berries plucked from the miraculous tree, soon recovered the sinking man; he poured forth his soul in thanksgiving, and sunk into a deep sleep, from which he awoke in full vigor and spirits.

"Omar, with renewed strength, soon rejoined the caravan, and relating the supernatural circumstance, a mosque was erected on the spot, by the zeal and contributions of true believers; coffee, that wonderful shrub, the peculiar gift of our prophet, and more particularly the produce of his favored country, still continues the solace, cordial, and comforter of his devoted followers."

Facetiæ.

Pressed for time—Mummies.

An enormous swell—A balloon.

Matrimonial music—The moaning of the test.

The most useful thing in a long run—Breath.

Singular fact—To-day will be yesterday to-morrow.

A bee often meets with reverses, but as a rule he is successful in the end.

DR. RADWAY'S
SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.
The Great Blood Purifier.

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.

SCROFULOUS OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swelling, Tumors, Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout Dropsy, Bronchitis, Consumption.

For the cure of

SKIN DISEASES,

ERUPTIONS ON THE FACE AND BODY, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, SALT RHEUM, OLD SORES, ULCERS, **Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent** excels all remedial agents. It purifies the blood, restoring health and vigor: clear skin and beautiful complexion secured to all.

Liver Complaints, Etc.,

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy or mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and where there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicine than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

R. R. R.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.
The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

COUGHS, COLDS, INFLAMMATIONS, FEVER AND AGUE CURED AND PREVENTED.

DR. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, DIPHTHERIA, INFLUENZA, SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING.

RELIEVED IN A FEW MINUTES

By Radways' Ready Relief.

MALARIA
IN ITS VARIOUS FORMS,
FEVER AND ACUE.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers, (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Looseness, Diarrhœa, or painful discharges from the bowels are stopped in fifteen or twenty minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No congestion or inflammation, no weakness or lassitude, will follow the use of the R. R. Relief.

ACHES AND PAINS.

For headache, whether sick or nervous, toothache, neuralgia, nervousness and sleeplessness, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine, or kidneys; pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints, pains in the bowels, heartburn and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure. Price, 50 cents.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.
Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to **RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.**

☞Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy

30 Powders
10 Days
Treatment

Engelman's
Dyspepsia
Powders
A Positive Cure

Price 1.00

Dyspepsia is the Mother of the Following Complaints:

Sick Headache, Nausea, Vertigo, Dimness of Sight, Loss of Appetite, Wasting of Strength, Flatulence, with frequent Belching of Wind, Bilious Vomiting, Burning Sensation at the Pit of the Stomach, Oppression after Eating, Depression of Spirits, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the Pit of the Stomach, or towards Right Side, Uneasiness of the Bowels, Irritability of Temper, Sallowness of Complexion, Etc., Etc.

The Code of Ethics prevented this Infallible Remedy from coming before the public for a period of **23 years.**

It was the **Favorite Prescription** of one of our late and highly-esteemed **Physicians,** who enjoyed a very extensive **Practice** in Philadelphia from **1834** to the time of his demise in **1871.**

The secret of this Preparation was offered to the **Medical Fraternity** about the year **1857,** with a very lengthy **Thesis** on **Dyspepsia,** but was respectfully declined, owing to it approaching the **Homœopathic System** of **Treatment,** but as years rolled by it was noticed that the discoverer of this remarkable Remedy was making rapid **Strides** in his **Profession,** and it was ascertained that two-thirds of his practice was devoted to **Dyspeptics.**

Shortly after this discovery an **Unsuccessful** effort was made by many "prominent in the **Profession** to obtain the **Formula** and adopt the **Treatment."** The discoverer never forgot the rejected "**Formula** and **Thesis."** As a devoted **Friend** and **Student I** had several years' experience in the preparation of these Powders and became sole owner of the Formula as part of a legacy. I then commenced putting the Remedy up in Packages of 30 Powders, sufficient for 10 days' treatment, and treating the poor and honest Dyspeptics free of charge. But the demand for gratuitous packages increased to such an extent that I was obliged to discontinue the distribution. But, in order that Dyspeptics may avail themselves of this remarkable Remedy at a reasonable price, I decided to give the 10 days' treatment for One Dollar, and I feel confident that no other Remedy exists that has the same action and results. The action of these Powders, when taken into the system, is directly upon the *food* during the process of digestion, *absorbing gases, neutralizing acids* and correcting *acrid* secretions, thus improving the appetite, promoting digestion and giving tone and vigor to the entire system.

They act immediately upon the chyme and chyle, the nutritive portion of the food, containing the elements and source of the blood, that vital force which keeps all the machinery of animal life in motion.

Several thousand packages of these Powders have been sold without the aid of the press or other advertising mediums, but as there are thousands of Dyspeptics who are not aware of this Treatment, I am obliged to resort to this expensive method to bring it to their notice, **and, I trust,** you will not class this Treatment with the worthless remedies you may have used. **Your Druggist** can readily obtain a package for you (if obliging) through the wholesale druggists who are supplied by my agents, Johnston, Holloway & Co., 602 Arch street, Philadelphia. Should you have any difficulty in procuring them at home, enclose One Dollar to my address or to my agents and you will receive a package by the next mail. Postage stamps accepted.

The editor of this paper can certify to my responsibility and standing.

Very Respectfully,

Frank E. Engelman

LABORATORY, 1839 SEYBERT ST., Philadelphia, Pa.

SHUT YOUR MOUTH WHILE BREATHING.

Nature intended that you should breathe through your Nose. Keep your Nostrils, free of Foul Mucus, in order that your Lungs may be supplied with Pure Air.

A Nose clogged with Foul Mucus, Poisons every breath of air entering the Lungs. Cleanse the air passages with "**SNUFFENE**" and enjoy New Life.

"**SNUFFENE**" is put up in a handsome Carmine, Enameled Hinged-Lid, Metallic Box, (convenient for the pocket,) and retails at 25 Cents, which should induce every one to obtain it and enjoy the blessing of Good Health.

The filthy habit of Hemming, Hawking and Spitting, and the swallowing of Foul Mucus is cured by SNUFFENE

Sold and recommended by over 522 Druggists in Philadelphia.

If the Druggist in your vicinity cannot supply you, send me the amount in Postage Stamps and you will receive a box by mail. Address,

Laboratory, 1839 Seybert St. **FRANK E. ENGELMAN, Philadelphia, Penna.**

"Presenting the Bride" Heard From

Glenwood, Iowa., May 21, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—My beautiful premium Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," came duly to hand, and it is even better than you claimed it to be. I will see what I can do for you in the way of new subscribers.

B. S. B.

Taylor's Bridge, N. C., May 19, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—I received the beautiful picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of my most sanguine expectations. Shall see what I can do for you in the way of subscribers.

G. B. D.

Portsmouth, Va., May 24, '82.

Editors Post—I received my premium for The Post, for which accept thanks. It is the most beautiful premium I ever saw.

G. H. A.

Janesville, Ind., May 22, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your magnificent premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," at hand, and think it very beautiful. I am greatly pleased with it, and thank you very much for such a beautiful present. I have shown it to quite a number of people, and they all say it is the prettiest and richest premium they have ever had the pleasure of beholding. Will do all that lies in my power to increase your subscription list.

C. A. W.

Weir City, Kan., May 19, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and am more than pleased with it. It is by far the handsomest picture I ever saw.

F. S.

Rock Bluff, Fla., May 19, '83.

Editor Post—Have received my picture, "Presenting the Bride," and was surprised at its marvelous beauty. I am well pleased with it. I have shown it to several of my friends, and all say it is the handsomest and most valuable premium they ever saw.

S. W. J.

Cadaretta, Miss., May 21, '83.

Editor Post—The picture premium, "Presenting the Bride," received. It is beautiful, and I am very much pleased with it. All who have seen the picture think it is just superb. Expect to get you numerous subscribers in a few days.

V. I. P.

Greenville, Tex., May 20, '82.

Editor Post—I received my premium last night, and think it very beautiful. I will with pleasure aid you in raising your subscription list, and I think I can get a great many subscribers for you.

R. C.

Baldwin, Wis., May 19, '83.

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and all who have seen it are delighted with it. You may look for some subscribers from me shortly, as many of my friends expressed a desire to subscribe, and how could they feel otherwise, with such a paper, and such a premium!

F. H. T.

Philmont, S. C., May 22, '82.

Editor Post—I received your premium picture yesterday all sound, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of the premiums usually offered by newspapers, and certainly ought to bring you many subscribers. Am quite proud of it.

A. A. B.

Macon, Mo., May 21, '83.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to hand all right. I cannot find language to express my thanks to you for the beautiful premium. I have received many premiums, but yours leads them all. Will send some subscriptions soon.

R. S. P.

Browning, Mo, May 19, '82.

Editor Post—The premium picture, "Presenting the Bride" received, and I consider it grand. I have shown it to several of my friends, and each and every one of them pronounce it beautiful.

M. E. A.

Martin, Tenn., May 22, '82.

Editor Post—I have received premium, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations—perfectly lovely! Will get some subscribers for you.

A. S.

Sheldon, Ill., May 23, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and in good condition. I am much pleased with it, indeed. I have shown it to some of my neighbors, and they all unite with me in voting it beautiful. Will send you some subscribers soon.

O. W. H.

Malvern, Iowa., May 18, '83.

Editor Post—"Presenting the Bride" was delivered to me yesterday, and am highly pleased with it. We consider it a gem. Have given it a conspicuous place in our gallery for the inspection of our friends.

E. C.

Pleasantville, Ind., May 22, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Paper and premium received. THE POST is a splendid literary journal. And the picture is very handsome. Am greatly pleased with it. Everyone who has seen the picture considers it grand.

A. J. M.

Boston, Mass., May 25, '83.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," is indeed a beautiful gift of art, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious. Many thanks.

L. C.

Corvallis, Ore., May 15, '82.

Editor Post—I received my Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," and think it very beautiful. Had it framed and hung up two hours after its arrival. It is admired by everybody.

T. P. W.

BROKE.

Broke, broke, broke!
I have squandered the uttermost sou,
And have failed in my efforts to utter
One trivial, last I. O. U.

Oh, well for the infant in arms
That for ducats he need not fret;
Oh, well for the placid corpse
That he's settled his final debt.

And dun after dun comes in,
Each bringing his little account;
And oh, for the touch of a five-dollar bill
Or a check for a large amount.

Broke, broke, broke!
My course as a student is run;
I'll back to my childhood's home and act
The role of the prodigal son.

—U. N. NONE.

Humorous.

Out of the weigh—Broken-down scales.

To be certain of getting a bite when you want it, take it along with you.

Out in Illinois if a man washes his face twice a day and wears a collar and necktie they call him a dude.

A California man choked himself to death with a tape-measure. The coroner's verdict was that he died by inches.

A genius advertised, "A sewing-machine for twenty-five cents in stamps," and his dupes did not see the point until they received a cambric needle.

A school in Vermont is presided over by a cross-eyed teacher. "That boy that I am looking at will step out on the floor." Twenty-seven walked out.

There is no chance for a man arrested on the charge of stealing an umbrella. Every citizen on the jury will think it greatly resembles one that he lost.

The artless boast of a Galveston minister, "I have a member in my congregation who, unrestrained by grace, could whip any man in the State of Texas."

"Investigator" wants to know what is good for cabbage worms. Bless your heart, man, cabbage, of course. A good plump cabbage will last several worms a week.

Frequent mention is made of the silvery voices of singers, but she who gets $4,000 for an evening singing, has something more precious than silver. She has precious tones.

A little girl, on being told something which much amused her, exclaimed emphatically, "I shall remember that the whole of my life, and when I forget it I will write it down."

The meanest man we have heard of this season is the fellow who telegraphed his sympathy to a friend who had just lost everything in speculation, and made him pay for the message.

Students, after a sumptuous repast, to host: "Our compliments to your kitchen and cellar. We have agreed to have a running match, and the one who comes out last will pay the bill. Will you kindly give us the signal to start?" The beamling host slowly counts one, two three; the students disappear round the corner, and are seen no more by the aforesaid host.

INDULGENT parents who allow their children to eat heartily of high-seasoned food, rich pies, cake, etc., will have to use Hop Bitters to prevent indigestion, sleepless nights, sickness, pain, and, perhaps, death. No family is safe without them in the house.

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Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 36 Sawyer Street, Boston, Mass.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

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WANTED.—LADIES and young men wishing to earn $1 to $3 every day quietly at their homes: work furnished; sent by mail: no canvassing; no stamps required for reply. Please address Edward F. Davis & Co., 36 South Main St., Fall River, Mass.

Agents Make money selling our family Medicines. No capital required. Standard Cure Co., 197 Pearl St., New York.

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COOPER & CONARD, 9th & Market St., Philada.
☞ Please say where you saw this Advertisement.

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IT PAYS to sell our Rubber Printing Stamps. Samples free. MITTEN & CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

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GUNS Revolvers, Big Bargains. 64-page Catalogue free. Lowest prices known. H. W. BAVIS, Boston, Mass.

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Salary and Expenses to men and women agents. J. E. Whitney, nurseryman, Rochester, N. Y.

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(SUCCESSOR TO HENRY TOTTEN & CO.)
Wholesale & Retail Patent Medicine Dealer,
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Hop Bitters, 85 cents.
Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, 81 cents.
Radway's Resolvent, 75 cents.
Radway's Ready Relief, 35 cents. (3 bottles $1.)
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Hall's Sicilian Hair Renewer, 65 cents.
Swayne's Ointment, 36 cents. (3 boxes $1.)
Allcock's Porous Plasters, 10 cents.
Benson's Capcine Porous Plasters, 13 cents.
Jayne's Expectorant, 68 cents. (3 bottles $2.)
Cuticura Resolvent, 75 cents.
Cuticura Soap, 18 cents. (3 cakes 53c.)
Samaritan Nervine, $1.00.
Fellow's Hypophosphites, $1.00.
Kidney-Wort, 75 cents. (3 bottles $2.13.)
Asparge, 75 cents. (3 bottles $2.)
Horsford's Acid Phosphate (small) 38c. (3 bottles $1)
Horsford's Acid Phosphate (large) 75c. (3 bottles $2)
Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills, 38c. (3 boxes $1.)
Benson's Skin Cure, 75 cents.
Swaim's Panacea, $1.50.
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Ely's Cream Balm, 36 cents. (3 bottles $1.)
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Jayne's, Carter's, Tutt's Pills, 13c. box each.
Schenck's, Ayer's, Warner's Safe Pills, 13c. box each
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☞ Reference—Manufacturers of GOODS WE SELL.

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Vital Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by
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Been in use 30 years, and is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post free on receipt of price.
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It leads the list as a truly scientific preparation for all blood diseases. If there is a lurking taint of Scrofula about you, **SCROFULA** AYER'S SARSAPARILLA will dislodge it and expel it from your system.

For constitutional or scrofulous Catarrh, **CATARRH** AYER'S SARSAPARILLA is the true remedy. It has cured numberless cases. It will stop the nauseous catarrhal discharges, and remove the sickening odor of the breath, which are indications of scrofulous origin.

ULCEROUS SORES "Hutto, Tex., Sept. 28, 1882. "At the age of two years one of my children was terribly afflicted with ulcerous running sores on its face and neck. At the same time its eyes were swollen, much inflamed, and very sore. **SORE EYES** Physicians told us that a powerful alterative medicine must be employed. They united in recommending AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. A few doses produced a perceptible improvement, which, by an adherence to your directions, was continued to a complete and permanent cure. No evidence has since appeared of the existence of any scrofulous tendencies; and no treatment of any disorder was ever attended by more prompt or effectual results.
Yours truly, B. F. JOHNSON."

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TO MEN ONLY, YOUNG OR OLD,
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He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

SWAYNES PILLS **Important to the Sick!** Symptoms indicate disease, continuance, days of suffering,—perchance Death! Symptoms are, impure blood, costiveness, irregular appetite, headache, sour belching, soreness in back, breast and side, heart pains, giddiness, bad color to stools and urine, hot and cold sensations, yellow skin. "SWAYNE'S PILLS" cure by gently removing all corrupt matter, regulating and nourishing the system. 25 cents, (in stamps), box of 30 pills; 5 boxes $1, 00, at Druggists or by mail. Address, DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, Pa.

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of Standard Books, many of them the best editions published. **YOUR CHOICE** sent for examination before payment, on reasonable evidence of good faith, the books to be returned at my expense if not satisfactory. SPECIAL BARGAINS **THIS MONTH.** New publications every week. Prices are lower than ever before known, ranging from **two cents** for Tennyson's "Enoch Arden," unabridged, **large type,** to **$15** for the largest and best American Cyclopedia. NOT sold by dealers—prices too low. Circulars free. Mention this paper.

JOHN B. ALDEN Publisher, 18 Vesey St., New York.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

THE materials preferred for morning toilets this month are summer serge, vigogne, and twilled veiling.

Plaids are much worn.

Sicilienne and colienne form charming visiting-toilets, but among new summer fabrics gros-de-sicile is the one preferred to all others.

It is a very soft ribbed style of silk which is trimmed with a kind of passementerie imitating cherries hanging by the stem. These cherries are of course of the same color as the dress. Forest green is a favorite shade.

A pretty novelty consists in satin vests embroidered all over with tiny spangles of mother-of-pearl.

These vests can be worn with different bodices, which are made apart from the skirt. Silk gauze, brocaded with large velvet flowers, is employed for both morning and evening dressy costumes. It is made up into tunics over surah skirt to match.

As to the new fashion of making up dresses, simplest shapes seem to please best.

The Duchesse de Chartres coat is much in vogue.

It forms two great lappets in front, which come down to the edge of the skirt, and a basque at the back falling over the tournure.

This style of coat is useful for modernizing last year's dresses. It is made of black gauze beaded with jet for black toilets, and of brocaded colored silk to wear with plain colored skirts.

One of the prettiest I have seen was of old-gold satin, brocaded with shaded gilliflowers; another was of ciel-blue grosgrain brocaded with silver; a third of copper and moss-colored striped pekin, edged with a double pinked-out ruche.

I have just been examining samples of new and beautiful muslins for summer dresses.

They are printed muslins, in patterns of the newest tints, thrown over white, buff, ciel, cream, heliotrope, and salmon-pink grounds.

Detached flowers, such as tulips, carnations, poppies, and passion-flowers, beautifully shaded from nature, are more fashionable this year than bouquets.

The foliage, when there is any, is oftener in shades of camaieu-gray than in shades of green.

The new sateens are also lovely. Large flowers, such as the heart's-ease, the carnation, the hollyhock, and the china-aster, are scattered either over light or dark grounds.

The useful sateen dress is that with the black, dark green, garnet, or seal-brown ground; while the more dressy toilet is of light shades of buff, pink, or sea-green, with brightly-tinted floral patterns.

Plain, dotted, or checked sateen is also in great favor, as well as that which appears in cashmere or Indian patterns. Embroidery, and even lace, will be the favorite trimmings this summer for muslin and sateen dresses.

White and black fabrics are very fashionable, either in regular chessboard patterns, checks large or medium-sized, streaked with black or white.

Chess-board or checked patterns are also much worn in two or three colors on camaieu, dead-leaf, nut, and ivory, for instance; and also streaks crossing one another in bright colors, and plaids in all sizes, modifications of the Madras pattern.

All this, without being particularly novel is somewhat unlike what has been seen hitherto, thanks to the new combinations and extreme variety in their coloring. Red Havana-brown, sand-gray, French gray, white, and blue, divided by mixed and chined tints obtained in the weaving of the material, are all combined, and that often for the same fabric.

There is nothing gaudy about such tissues, for the different shades are graduated and blended most tastefully.

Sometimes the streaks are somewhat in relief and irregular, as in the fabric formerly called bourrette.

There are also Persian, Indian, and Japanese designs, some in rich shades of red and gold, others in pine patterns of faded colors.

Shawl patterns, pointed or brocaded, are also sold by the yard for making up costumes.

Crescents, moons, ovals, and other small patterns, outlined with some darker color, are among the favorite devices, also large rambling patterns—Watteau groups, rustic scenes, and figures over plain grounds, cream, ivory, or sand color; or again, animals' heads brocaded so as to simulate embroidery in velvet applique over a plain ground.

Brocaded, satin-like woolens of light texture are another element in this collection so varied already.

These woolen tissues have quite the look of silken ones, and they are, indeed, made partly of silk. They are pretty and effective, while inexpensive.

Ottoman tissues in wool and silk, thickly ribbed or in brocaded patterns, are used in combination with plain fabrics matched in color.

Brocaded grenadines are combined with plain satin, faille, or foulard, sometimes of a different color from the grenadine. To conclude the list of new materials for summer dresses we must mention the new crepons, both plain and brocaded; printed or brocaded pompadour fabrics; percales, satinettes, and cambrics in stripes, checks, bouquets, or detached flower patterns over pale buff, cream, or ivory-colored grounds. With the latter tissues blouse-bodies are made with paniers gathered in at the waist, and fastened either with a sash and flowing ends, or with a belt and buckles.

Some dresses are made a disposition—that is, with a tablier in a floriated pattern over a lace ground and borders, with wreath of flowers to match for trimming the whole costume.

A new style of summer mantle is the *Marchesa*, which is made of soft cashmere or silk.

It forms a sort of round cape, coming down only a very little lower than the waist and one large square lappel in front. The trimming is black Spanish lace; it is placed in circles with spaces as wide as itself between from the neck to the edge, and also in three rows round the lappel, the centre of which is ornamented with embroidery or beaded passementerie.

Loops and ends of black faille or satin ribbon are put on en cascade all down the front from the neck to the waist line.

This mantle leaves the arms uncovered from the elbow.

Toilets in the Henri II. style are fashionable.

Here is an example: Skirt of bluish-gray veiling arranged at regular distances into a series of three narrow pleats, gathered together here and there by cockade bows of telegram-blue velvet; a fluting of faille of the same color shows beyond the edge.

This skirt is short and scant; a short drapery is pleated across it at the top, caught up at the sides and continued behind in a small puffed tournure.

This drapery is of grayish-blue silk brocaded with bright red poppies; a bow of blue velvet is placed on the left side. Glove fitting bodice, deeply peaked in front and at the back, of the grayish-blue veiling, with bands of the brocaded silk put on as braces.

The sleeves of the veiling are gathered in full at the armholes, but drawn tight twice round the arm at regular distances by bracelets of telegram-blue velvet, and finished by a silk fluting of the same color and a ruche of white silk gauze.

A very large and full ruche, or rather ruffle, of the same silk gauze is put on round the neck to finish the bodice.

A pretty mantle for the early summer is the Tunisien—a sort of long redingote gauged in about the waist, and with a deep plain collar, and wide sleeves gathered full round the armholes.

It is made of light cloth, telegram-blue, with sapphire-blue floral patterns, nut-brown and maroon, or mauve and violet, as taste dictates.

Its shape is light and easy to wear; fancy buttons and velvet ribbons tied at the side are its sole trimmings.

For more dressy mantles there are mantilla-visites with square lappets, and trimmed with lace flounces and jetted passementerie trimmings.

The materials most in favor are brocaded silks and brocaded grenadines, with patterns of velvet or chenille.

Many and extremely pretty are the new summer bonnets.

The Nitouche bonnet, of plaited straw in two colors—garnet and ruby, for instance, edged with velvet, with a large bow of ruby velvet and narrow velvet strings tied on one side.

Fireside Chat.

LUSTRA PAINTING.

WE are always glad to draw attention to any of the minor arts that serve to develop talent and industry, and provide a useful and pleasant occupation for some of the spare time which ladies with no fixed duties are occasionally overburdened with.

Any description of work that has artistic claims and can be used for the improvement of household decoration is to be commended, and when these conditions are joined, as in Lustra Painting, with no great amount of labor in execution, and with a moderate outlay for materials, we feel sure our readers will like to learn something of the art, and that some of them will try it, particularly when we inform them that it has attracted the attention of the Princess Beatrice and is used in the adornment of one of her rooms.

Lustra painting is the art of painting flower, fruit, and arabesque designs in metallic and powder colors upon velveteen, Roman satin, and linen fabrics.

As its name points out, the colors employed throw out a metallic lustre, and therefore the painting accomplished cannot be after nature, and has to consist of conventional coloring; but the rich artistic effects obtained by the various shades of gold and silver, relieved and softened by being shaded with crimson, purple, and green powder colors, are just the tones required for the articles that the work is used for.

At the first glance some affinity to tapestry painting might be assumed from the fact that both arts consist in coloring textiles, the two are quite distinct, the colors used in tapestry being virtually dyes, applied to a peculiarly woven canvas and sinking into that so as to be incorporated into it.

The lustra colors remain upon the surface of a material, which need not be made on purpose for the work, and are kept raised by the medium used with them, which at one and the same time prevents them from sinking into the fabric, and securely attaches them to it so that no rubbing or pressure injures them.

In other essentials it also differs: in lustra the material supplies the background, and only the design has to be painted (hence its greater quickness of execution), and as we noticed before, the coloring is limited and not realistic.

The materials used are the colors sold in little bottles, from twenty cents up bottle, which consists of four shades of gold from a bright gold to a deep red gold, one shade of silver and one of green, black, white, blue and purple.

A bottle of medium, price one shilling, a china palette divided into compartments, sable brushes for work upon linen, and for fine linen, and hogbair brushes for work upon velveteen and satin sheeting.

The handsomest articles painted are—portieres of velveteen and screens of the same; next to these, mantel-borders, curtain ditto, counterpanes and tablecloths, either of velveteen or satin sheeting; and for small things, d'oyleys and chair backs in fine white linen, wall pockets, cushions, mats, handkerchief-cases, etc.

The lustra is warranted to wash when executed upon fine white linen, but it looks equally well when the design is painted upon gray Zulu cloth.

Deep olive greens, maroons, and rich browns are the best colors to select for velveteens and Roman sheetings.

With regard to the designs, those known as conventionalized fruit and flowers, such as are used upon really good crewel-work patterns, are the ones to select.

The pattern must be distinct, with well-defined, large, well-shaped leaves, such as the vine, oak, virginia creeper, orange, pomegranate, iris, lilium lanceolatum, nasturtium; while the fruit and flowers of these plants are all good.

Good arabesque and well-shaped antique conventional patterns are also suitable.

To paint upon satin sheeting, trace the outline of the design upon linen tracing-paper, lay the material upon a piece of plate-glass, then lay down some carbonised tracing-paper, and over all the linen tracing-paper.

Mark out all the outlines by going steadily over them with the point of a fine knitting-needle, and see that the hand does not shake, nor the material move during the process.

When tracing upon white or gray linen, use blue carbonised paper, as the blue will show upon light grounds; but for dark Roman sheetings or velveteens use white carbonised linen cloth, as that is the only material which will make an indelible white line upon these stuffs.

The tracing complete, pin the material out flat upon a drawing-board, and if the ground is dark, work in the flowers in gold and silver, pour some of the lightest gold colors on the palette, and mix it with the medium until it is a thick liquid; paint this on all over the petal of a flower, and put it on very thickly and yet with an even surface.

While painting, hold the brush more upright than slanting, and rub the color well in.

Work in all the petals of a flower where any light falls on them with the lightest shade of gold, and work in the petals more in shade with the deeper golds.

Leave the gold to dry, and paint in another flower with silver only, or with a mixture of silver and gold; while that is drying paint the leaves over with the metallic green.

The great secret of the work is to put on sufficient paint and medium so as to entirely hide the textile beneath the color, and to give an even solid mass of gold or silver; therefore, go over the first painting again as soon as it is dry, should it look poor and mean; should it not, proceed to put in the shadows upon leaves and flowers.

These are formed by working in over the metallic colors the plain powder colors, either rubbing them on without mixing them with metallic, or adding a little of the latter to them.

Correspondence.

TELE, (Camden, N. J.)—As you state the case the lady's husband does not appear to have any reason to be offended with you, but married women of good feelings—whom a man is the better for knowing—do not have male friends who are not their husbands' friends.

T. N., (Penobscot, Me.)—We never had anything to do with clairvoyant doctors, and consequently have no information on which to base an opinion concerning them. But we have no faith in any pretensions to supernatural powers on the part of anybody.

READER, (Phila., Pa.)—The letters P. P. C. stand for the French words *Pour prendre congé*, which mean to take leave. Many persons when making their round of farewell visits, on leaving a place in which they have been living, use cards with these letters in one corner.

ANXIOUS, (Boston, Mass.)—A young lady should always wait for the elder lady to speak or bow first. She can smile as she approaches, but wait for her to recognise her, unless there is an intimate friendship between them, and then it does not matter which it is that speaks first.

SIMPLE, (Trenean, Wis.)—If a gentleman is corresponding with a lady upon some matter of business, or desires a favor in the way of business, he may and should send a postage stamp for a reply to his favor; but if she is a friend or an acquaintance with whom he is in correspondence, it is not proper that he should send a stamp for a reply.

WALTER, (Logan, W. Va.)—If the Sahara were converted into a salt water lake, it would have the effect of making the climate of the South of Europe a little moister, and would moderate or prevent the distressingly hot and dry wind, which sometimes afflicts Italy. Some good engineers think the plan of flooding the Sahara impracticable. Africa supplies many articles of use and luxury, has sheltered in the past high civilizations.

TITANIA, (Delaware, Iowa.)—(1.) A young lady with fair complexion, light blue eyes, some color, and red hair, ought to wear bottle-green, seal-brown, dark blue, dark cardinal, olive, heliotrope and black; and should avoid all grays and neutral tints. (2) "Titian-red" is a red much affected by Titian or Tiziano Vecellio, a celebrated Venetian painter who lived from 1477 to 1576, for the hair of the women in his pictures. (3) Titania was the wife of Oberon, and queen of the fairies, Oberon being king of those merry little folk.

EIGHT, (Toland, Conn.)—The question of right is one for personal judgment. The case ought to be adjudicated in the council of conscience. The head of the family is the proper person to determine the issue raised. It is always possible to do right, by doing what we seriously believe to be right, and abstaining from all we think wrong. In this instance there is probably no question of right or wrong in the matter, beyond that which grows out of the question of prudence. Obviously we cannot answer the question proposed more directly.

B. F. T., (Chicago, Ill.)—"What is the truest proof of a man's love for a beautiful woman who is nothing to him in any way? I do not mean common ignorant men, or boys, but a man of years, of understanding, and of education. Now, please do not laugh at me, for I am in dead earnest, and am not a girl of sixteen, either." It is doubtful whether a man could love a beautiful woman devotedly without her being "something to him." She would be apt to be, at least in his own estimation, "the day star of his life," or some other sentimental thing of the kind.

MARK T., (Chester, Pa.)—It is very plain to us that the young lady was only flirting with you. Finding you an agreeable companion during her visit to your sister, she permitted and encouraged you to make love to her as an agreeable means of breaking up the monotony of what she might have considered a dull visit otherwise. She probably thought, also, that under these circumstances you would be stimulated to devise ways and means of amusing and entertaining her you would not do if she were regarded merely as a visitor. It is better to drop the matter and not give her another thought.

J. L., (Norristown, Pa.)—An exact solar year consists of 365 days, 5 hours, 48 and 5-1000 seconds. Consequently, to keep the calendar year corresponding closely with the solar year, every fourth year is given 366 days. But this carries us a little too far in the other direction, so Gregory XIII., in 1582, arranged that only those centennial years should be leap year, the numbers of which are divisable by 4, without a remainder, after suppressing the two zeros. This rule causes three leap years to be omitted in the course of each four centuries, and brings the calendar year so close to the solar year, that the error will only amount to one day in 3323 years. Consequently 1600 was a leap year; 1700 and 1800 common years; 1900 will be a common year, and 2000 a leap year.

MATTIE, (Charles, M. D.)—There is no contradiction or inconsistency. The topics and points of view were quite different. In the one case it is of the present life and looking forward, in the other of the life to come and looking back. It is bad policy to make our circumstances and associations in this world the sources of our happiness, because the present is fleeting and changeful; but there are ties and associations which must be formed on earth, and which it is our behalf and hope will be renewed or preserved intact in the future. We are unwise to depend on the external for happiness, but to be "without natural affection" is to be damned indeed. We speak of the family in one case, of the casual "friendship" of society in the other. Look at the two passages again, and you will see with us.

KATERINA, (Mason, Ill.)—We can only repeat our counsel. The state of mind which the strong revulsion of feeling expressed indicates is not a healthy one. There is something too much of prudery in the sentiment cherished. In after years this will, if not checked, lead to a reaction in which you will go to the other extreme. Do not act so foolishly as to leave the room, and thereby place yourself on a pinnacle from which a fall is more than likely to occur. Simply treat the matter with indifference. You need not join in the conversation which displeases you, but show your good sense and true modesty by abstaining from a protest which must savor of airs and graces not befitting a young person. There are many things in life and the world which we do not like, but we have to put up with them; and, as surely as a strong demonstration is made against them, they increase, and at length overthrow our own virtue.